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JULY 1948

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The American Mercury

Y BRASS IMPERILS OUR DEFENSE

William B. Huie

OD NECESSARY?

Alson J. Smith

W DOCTORS AVOID OPERATIONS

L.H. Schwartz, M.D.

POLICE GAZETTE

Matthew Huttner

CRETARY OF STATE MARSHALL

by Donald Robinson

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The Skeptics' Corner

A great deal of false information is accepted as Gospel truth by vast multitudes of men and women, some of them of considerable education. They accept this "truth" because everybody else accepts it, or because it seems to be "right," or because—well, it's more comfortable not to question too many things.

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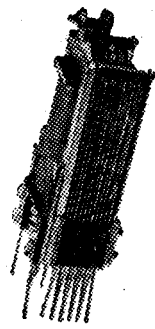
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The American Mercury for August

will contain, among other things

ROSS OF THE NEW YORKER, by Allen Churchill. *A penetrating and pleasantly written portrait of the man behind one of the most celebrated magazines of our day.*

THE UNIVERSITY OF VIRGINIA, by William Hines, Jr., and Edward Cottrell, Jr. *This is the first in the series of profiles of American colleges and universities. Messrs. Hines and Cottrell have unearthed a mass of unfamiliar information, including the very important point that the enduring president of the institution is none other than Thomas Jefferson.*

MÉMOIRS OF A SOVIET AUTHOR, by Dmitri Buligin. *Mr. Buligin, whose previous articles, "I Was a 'Free' Russian" and "The Life of a Soviet Professor," will be remembered, here gives all the painful details of authorship in Communist Russia. His remarks will amaze many so-called American liberals.*

THE STATE OF WISCONSIN, by Chet Vonier. *This is the twelfth in the series of state articles. Mr. Vonier pays special attention to the influence of "beer, pretzels and liberalism" in the state.*

RACKETEERING IN HEARING AIDS, by Percival Wilde. *An article filled with disturbing facts and figures, written by a man who knows the subject as few others know it.*

There will also be the usual departments: The Skeptics' Corner, The Library, The Soap Box, Down to Earth, The Open Forum, and The Check List.

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THE CHECK LIST

NATIONAL AFFAIRS

THIS WAS NORMALCY, by Karl Schriftgiesser. \$3.00. *Atlantic-Little, Brown.* This is a history of national party politics in the Republican years 1920-1932, when the White House was occupied by Messrs. Harding, Coolidge and Hoover. Mr. Schriftgiesser does not pretend to complete objectivity. What he does pretend to is difficult to make out. All his material is apparently from second-hand sources, and the quality of his thinking and writing is of a low order. He refers to William Allen White as "a moon-faced, red-haired man who looked like a happy bartender but who was one of the smartest of the horde of top-ranking reporters on hand." He speaks of the part that oil played at the 1920 Republican convention, and adds, "With that same fluid Jake Hamon was to anoint the heads of countless delegates. . . ." Then there is a section dealing with the machinations of the "cynical Jim Watson and patient Harry New . . . wily Charles Curtis, the Kansas Indian, aristocratic James Wadsworth and pompous William Calder of New York . . . paunchy Boies Penrose . . . suave Will Hays. . . ." Mr. Schriftgiesser also knows that on a certain "Friday morning Senator Lodge's gavel rang loud and clear through the heavy air of the Coliseum. . . ." Altogether, he seems to be an FDR New Dealer, but intelligent New Dealers will find little to admire in this book, for it is not much more than a long newspaper feature story, dreadfully written and horribly organized. It has little value as history or as creditable journalism.

INSURANCE AND YOUR SECURITY, by E. Albert Gilbert. \$3.00. *Rinehart.* Mr. Gilbert discusses the various forms of life insurance and has much to say about the policies offered by some of the major companies, both mutual and stock. He also discusses disability insurance, mail order insurance (many of the companies doing business through the mails, it seems, are frauds) and annuities; and he goes into such matters as "The Failure of State Regulation," "The Coming Gouge of Policyholders," and

(Continued on page 119)

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The American Mercury

NAVY BRASS IMPERILS OUR DEFENSE

BY

WILLIAM BRADFORD HUIE

AS WE begin to rearm and plan for another war, it is discouraging to note that the Navy hierarchy is still playing its old game of rule or ruin. Far from supporting the feeble steps toward unification, the admirals are sabotaging unity with might and main; and while other men are considering how to make the country strong, the admirals seem concerned only with how to proliferate their own bureaucracy.

By their actions the admirals are showing their usual contempt for the hopes of the American people. For the people want unification. We want an end to the wasteful struggle between rival bureaucracies. We want a single,

intelligent war organization with a single, intelligent plan for the destruction, if necessary, of our enemies.

But the admirals are opposed to us. Every effort to eliminate duplication; every effort to offset the burgeoning costs of war by getting more value for our war dollar; every effort to create a single strategic plan for war against Russia — all these are being opposed by the Navy's efforts to expand itself, to buttress its claims to command in vital areas, and to grasp for itself strategic missions for which it cannot qualify. Whatever progress is made has to be made against the practiced obstruction of the admirals.

Readers of the MERCURY are famil-

WILLIAM BRADFORD HUIE is the author of *The Case Against the Admirals*, *The Fight for Air Power* and a novel, *Mud on the Stars*. He is a frequent contributor to the MERCURY, whose last previous article was "The Backwardness of Navy Brass," in June 1946.

iar with past phases of this ancient, debilitating struggle of the Navy against the public welfare. No journal has done more to illuminate it. So this article will report only the Navy shenanigans of 1948.

To understand the current machinations one must first know the basic thinking about war with Russia.

The target date is 1952. No military man in Washington believes that war is likely before then. There is sound reason for this. Wars between two great adversaries don't just happen. They start when one of the adversaries believes it can destroy the other's industry. The men in the Kremlin know that Russia cannot now destroy American industry. If they started war now, we could atomize their industry but they couldn't atomize ours. So if the Russians want war, they will start only when they believe that they can atomize our ports and our industrial heartland. And they are unlikely to believe this before 1952.

Therefore, our war aim is to maintain our advantage over Russia; to be able in 1952 and thereafter to destroy Russia faster than she can destroy us. And our hope of peace lies in Russia's knowing that we have this advantage and in our being able to maintain this advantage until some sort of world control can be evolved.

The simple price of peace in our time is that we prevent Russia's rulers from ever coming to believe that they can destroy American industry while their own survives.

So the problem for our war planners is this: how in 1952 and thereafter can we deliver the most atomic bombs to Russian industry, and how can we prevent the delivery of Russian atomic bombs to our ports and industry?

A proper general strategy is readily apparent. We maintain air bases as close as possible to Russia — on Britain, Iceland and Greenland; in Africa; in Alaska and Japan. If war comes, either with airplanes or guided missiles we begin the systematic atomization of Russian industry. We safeguard our bases. We safeguard the supply lines to our bases. We protect our great ports, our shipping, our industry, our homes. When we have disarmed Russia our own armies can move in and take over what's left.

In such a strategy the proper rôles of our various services are just as readily apparent. The Air Force should strike the blows and help protect the bases and the homeland. The Navy should help protect the bases and should safeguard our shipping and our ports. The Army should be held in readiness to invade at the proper time.

II

But this is all too simple for the admirals. It denies them a "strategic rôle." It reduces them to an "inferior command position." It relegates the Navy to "support." It will allow too few admirals, too few Navy "supreme commands," too few excuses for the Navy to proliferate. So the admirals

are promoting their own grand plan for war against Russia.

The plan has been presented to Congress. In essence — though the Navy officially disclaims it — their plan is the "Gallery Plan." Rear Admiral Daniel Gallery has proposed that the Navy construct vast 65,000-ton aircraft carriers — more than twice the size of the biggest battleship the admirals have ever wasted money on. Each carrier with protection and complement would cost around \$500 million. As war approached these great carriers would be escorted to positions in the Mediterranean, in the North Sea, in the Arctic, and off Kamchatka.

From the decks of these mammoth carriers — each one would be so big that a four-star admiral would have to command it — long-range jet bombers would take off with atomic bombs and drop them on Moscow, Stalingrad, the Donets Basin, the Ural industrial area, etc. But, big as these carriers would be, they wouldn't be big enough for the bombers to land back on them. When the bombers returned they'd be ditched and the personnel would try to save themselves.

Thus, according to the admirals, the first phase of our war would be this succession of Doolittle raids by the Navy. In the second phase the Marines — also commanded by admirals — would secure and safeguard bases from which our Air Force could begin operations. Presumably the Air Force would only stir up the dust of destruction already wrought by the

Navy; and later our Army would move in and police the dust.

Only an admiral can perceive the advantages of the "Gallery Plan." First, it would allow the Navy to build more big, expensive ships, and the Navy is now hard put to justify any more big ships. Remember the battleship? It was the "backbone of the fleet" in Navy propaganda as late as 1942. But now the Navy Command winces whenever it hears of battleships. During the war the admirals built eight battleships at a cost of \$100 million each, not to mention vast quantities of labor, steel and other critical items. Not one of these ships ever fired a justifying shot; they are now in moth balls; the *Kentucky* was abandoned half-finished; and not even the Navy has any plans for using battleships in 1952.

As a matter of fact the admirals now in control of the Navy opposed the building of the battleships; they refer to them today as "King's Folly." The battleships can only be scrapped to relieve the scrap iron shortage. If the admirals who are responsible for them lived in Russia, they would have been court-martialed and shot.

Unless the admirals can sell Congress on the "Gallery Plan" and super-carriers, the Navy may never build another ship bigger than a sub-chaser. The "Gallery Plan" is the last hope to keep the Navy in the big ship-building business.

The additional advantages of the plan — to the admirals — are that it would provide a strategic mission for

the Navy; it would let the Navy be the "first line of defense" and thus deserve the lion's share of our war monies. It would justify larger appropriations for the Navy's land army and place the general direction of the war in Navy hands. Initially, it would reduce the Air Force to the function of guarding the homeland, and subordinate our ground army to the Marine Corps and Navy command.

These, as I say, are advantages which only an admiral can perceive.

III

The disadvantages of the "Gallery Plan," on the other hand, can be perceived by any citizen-in-the-street. Why should we spend money and materials on 65,000-ton carriers to operate off Kamchatka, in the Mediterranean, in the Arctic and in the North Sea? Don't we have Alaska and Japan off Kamchatka? Don't we have the entire continent of Africa bordering the Mediterranean? Don't we have the islands of Britain, Iceland and Greenland?

And why should we risk a 65,000-ton carrier in the Mediterranean? Carriers couldn't operate in the Mediterranean in 1940. Is it likely that they will be able to in 1952?

Why not let the Air Force strike our first blows at Russia? Instead of striking with a few suicide bombers from carrier decks, why not strike with clouds of land-based bombers? Why not let the Air Force be our first line of defense? Why not let the Air Force have the strategic mission?

Why build any more carriers at all? We have scores of them, from big Essex-types down to jeep carriers for convoy escort. There won't be any islands to hop in 1952. There won't be any Russian surface fleet to destroy. There'll be very little Russian shipping to attack. And our allies, the British, have a considerable navy which should be more than a match for anything the Russians may have on the surface.

So why should we expand our Navy now when the realities seem to recommend an expansion of our striking power? And why shouldn't our Navy be content to concentrate on the task of helping to safeguard our bases, of safeguarding our shipping, and, above all, of safeguarding our ports from the very grave threat of Russian submarines with atomic bombs?

As a matter of fact, while frantically struggling for "command position" and "strategic missions," the admirals are neglecting to prepare defenses against Russia's most powerful weapon. The admirals now have their heads so high in the air that they have lost sight of what travels under the sea.

We know from intelligence reports that the Russians are planning submarine attacks, with atomic weapons, on Boston, New York, Philadelphia, Baltimore, Norfolk and New Orleans. They hope to atomize these great ports with a Pearl Harbor stroke, and thus render us incapable of supplying our allies and our advance air bases. Our ablest planners concede that Rus-

sia may be able to accomplish this; they think we may have to supply our advance bases entirely by air.

Then why isn't our Navy concentrating on sub-killing? Instead of proposing 65,000-ton carriers for suicide attacks on Moscow, why aren't the admirals developing new surface and undersea sub-killers? The Russians are actually ahead of us in submarine development. They captured the German sub experts who were far ahead of our Navy when the war ended.

The Russians expect to use only one Navy weapon against us. They don't want battleships or carriers or cruisers; they want only the best submarines in the world — with atomic bombs to hurl at our ports. Why isn't our Navy concentrating on this one pure "naval" problem of the Third World War?

The answer is not too complex for the citizen-in-the-street to understand. The admirals don't want to play on a team; they want to be the whole show. They don't want "defensive assignments" or "supporting rôles." They want to be the "first line of defense"; they covet supreme commands and big appropriations.

IV

In addition to their promotion of the super-carriers and their neglect of the undersea threat, the admirals are guilty of a whole series of maneuvers against unification.

They deceived the people in the matter of moving Marines to the

Mediterranean. That battalion of Marines wasn't sent to the Mediterranean to influence the Italian elections. It wasn't a move in the chess game between Truman and Stalin. The Marines were sent to the Mediterranean only because the Air Force reopened a field in North Africa, only because the Army is in Greece and Trieste.

Under our present "unified" defense system supreme command is given to the branch of the service which seems to be most concerned with a particular area. The admirals know that if war comes with Russia the Mediterranean may be the most important area. The service which wins supreme command in the Mediterranean may produce the Eisenhower of the Third World War. So watch the struggle in the Mediterranean; not the struggle between the United States and Russia, but the struggle by the Navy to win supreme command. More Marines will be sent there; more ships will be concentrated there; for the admirals are determined to create a Mediterranean Command.

Defense Secretary James V. Forrestal is being used by the Navy to wreck unification. When the admirals were finally forced by public pressure and executive order to make some gesture toward unification, they succeeded in having Mr. Forrestal promoted from Secretary of the Navy to Secretary of National Defense. The Navy propaganda maintained that he was "particularly fitted to begin the process of unification."

As a matter of fact Mr. Forrestal has continued to function as Secretary of the Navy. He has taken his counsel from Admiral William D. Leahy; he has not made a single decision contrary to the Navy; he has done the cause of unification nothing but harm.

A case in point is the recent Key West Conference. Unification was initiated last year by an executive order from President Truman. The day the order was issued the admirals began a fight to have it rescinded. The battling over the order — and over "command position" and money — became so severe that the Key West Conference was necessary. The Conference was a dog fight, and the Navy had the most dogs. Mr. Forrestal and Admiral Leahy, representing the President, voted solidly against the Air Force and the Army with the result that the executive order — the very order which had initiated unification — was rescinded!

So we have the paradox of Mr. Forrestal, the man who was appointed to effect unification, voting to rescind the order which had initiated unification. But this should not be surprising since Mr. Forrestal, as Secretary of the Navy, had led the fight against unification.

The executive order was rescinded over the objection of General Spaatz; and immediately following the Key West Conference General Spaatz submitted his resignation as Chief of the Air Force.

The Key West Conference also attempted to produce a united defense

program for presentation to Congress. The Navy representatives insisted upon a 55-group Air Force instead of the 70-group force which General Spaatz insisted was "minimum." The Navy also insisted that the Air Force equip its bombardment groups with old-model B-29s instead of the new B-50s. The Conference generally upheld the Navy viewpoint, and Mr. Forrestal presented the program — essentially a Navy-dictated program — to Congress.

W. Stuart Symington, Secretary of the Air Force, opposed Mr. Forrestal before Congress — an unprecedented action — and Congress voted overwhelmingly against Mr. Forrestal, the Navy, and the Administration. The vote in the Senate was 74 to 2 for the full 70-group air program; in the House it was 343 to 3.

Mr. Symington was prepared to resign if Congress failed to sustain him. Mr. Forrestal was expected to resign after he had been so thoroughly repudiated, but as this is written his resignation is not yet announced.

After the Key West Conference had rescinded the executive order, Mr. Forrestal announced that a "Memo of Understanding" had been substituted for the order. But first the Air Force and then the Navy disavowed the "Memo," so at present there seems to be no understanding at all.

V

The merger of the Air Transport Command and the Naval Air Transport Service into the Military Air

Transport Service has been widely proclaimed as the "first fruit of unification." The Air Force is in control of it and will do its best to make a success of it.

But what has not been proclaimed is the jokers in MATS. Before assenting to MATS the admirals so loaded the agreement with restrictive provisions that they can sabotage it whenever they choose.

Six months from today the Air Force will report MATS a success. The Navy will call it a "dismal failure."

For a number of years there has been a gentleman's agreement between the Army and Navy called the "60-40 ratio." According to this agreement the Air Force was to operate about 60 per cent of our airplanes and the Navy 40 per cent. Until 1948 this was understood to mean sixty airplanes for the Air Force, forty airplanes for the Navy.

But recently the admirals have promulgated a new understanding. Henceforth it is to be 60 per cent of the money for the Air Force, 40 per cent for the Navy air force. The joker is that many of the Air Force planes are big, expensive bombers. By making 60-40 apply to money and not to number of airplanes, the Navy can obtain more airplanes than the Air Force has. And it is the number of airplanes which governs collateral expenses. Whoever has the most airplanes can hire the most men — the biggest ground crews, the most collateral equipment.

The Navy has begun construction of an air base at Annapolis. The initial expenditure is \$12 million but they will spend \$30 million on it before it is finished. Yet the Navy has several air bases within 30 miles of Annapolis. Why are they building the new one? So that Academy instructors can more conveniently get in their flying time and thus draw flight pay.

The Navy is doing the same thing everywhere. The cynical plan of the admirals is to make the Navy so large — to put facilities in so many Congressional districts — that no economy-minded administration will be able to pare it down.

The Navy is vigorously promoting its subsidies for every college which will accept it. It pours money into any school which will allow it to recruit pilots from its student body. Every week scores of college professors are flown to Pensacola and other Naval Air Stations for luxurious vacations at the taxpayers' expense.

Since the war ended in 1945 the Air Force has stood pat on one program — the program for 70 air groups. During this same period the Navy has increased its demands for airplanes from 5000 to 14,000. Yet what are these 14,000 airplanes to do, since Russia has no surface fleet, and these Navy planes are not the type to carry bombs to Moscow?

Twenty years ago Navy airplanes were the "eyes of the fleet." Now the Navy line is that the Navy is an air force; that all surface units are subordinate to the air.

So what we have created — or allowed to be created — is two great air forces, and the Navy air force is left without a justifying mission.

VI

Two solutions are possible. One would be to transfer the Army and the Air Force into the Navy. The Navy is a complete, unified service in itself. It is a vast land-sea-and-air bureaucracy. The admirals have their own land forces, their own sea forces, their own air forces. Their air force is their striking force; everything else is in support. It is, in fact, a great air force with the necessary land and sea support. Give the Navy our land-based aviation, expand the Marine Corps, and the Navy would be the only war organization that we need.

Moreover, there are brilliant airmen in the Navy command — just as smart as anybody in the Air Force. And these Navy airmen don't really believe in the Gallery Plan. They don't believe in 65,000-ton carriers.

They know that the job of destroying Russian industry cannot be done from carriers. But they are quite willing to build the carriers and waste the money in the hope that they can make the Navy bureaucracy so vast and so strong that it can swallow the Army and the Air Force.

It seems unlikely, however, that the Navy will swallow the Army and the Air Force. Congress has chosen the Air Force to be our striking force. The Air Force is to receive \$3.5 billion in 1949; \$5.2 billion in 1950; \$6.5 billion in 1951; and \$7.3 billion in 1952. A big bite for even the admirals to swallow. So if there is to be a solution at all it must be a merger, a real unification of the Army, the Navy, and the Air Force.

Not a make-shift unification with a Forrestal at the head of it, but a real unification with a single, responsible commander, and with a single staff which can concentrate our money and our men on the weapons which seem most likely to be decisive in 1952.

CRADLE SONG

BY FRANCES FROST

Rockabye, my twentieth century baby,
rockabye on the luminous mushroom's top.
When the wind blows, my radioactive baby,
the heart of nations and your heart will stop.
When the atom breaks, my sweet sun-blasted baby,
the mushroom and the cradle of love will fall,
and down will come my blinded star-crossed baby,
cities and seas, the millioned earth and all.

THE POLICE GAZETTE

BY MATTHEW HUTTNER

WHEN Richard Kyle Fox, possibly the world's champion publicist of sin, died in 1922 he left his heirs close to \$2 million and the tawdry remains of the saltiest publishing venture in American history. Pink-papered and racily illustrated, Fox's *National Police Gazette* flourished in a day when sex was hush-hush and a woman's ankle was considered to be "out of bounds." It was standard equipment in every tavern, bordello and barber shop from Brooklyn to the Golden Gate. Its circulation hit half a million at one point, and such was its power that underworld characters and political high-muckamucks could be ruined by its editorial comment.

Behind this astonishing success lay the genius of an Irishman whose showmanship and unique ideas captivated the nation. For the Barnum-like fashion in which Richard K. Fox catapulted the *Gazette* into a weekly of international importance knows no parallel in publishing history. Pulitzer, Hearst, McCormick and Patterson built much bigger empires, but they all started out with money and

influence. Fox built his domain practically singlehanded on sheer nerve.

Richard Kyle Fox came to America in 1874 with his wife, two dollars in cash, and an abiding faith in his own destiny. A few hours after docking he somehow got mixed up in a brawl with several hundred other Irishmen, and at the end of the roughhouse Fox found himself nursing a comrade in arms, one Mr. O'Brien. O'Brien, as it turned out, worked for the old *Wall Street Journal*, and when he learned that Fox wanted a newspaper job he gratefully introduced him to the business manager. The next morning Fox was hired to solicit advertising.

The *Journal* couldn't have secured a better man, Fox had just left the staff of the Belfast *News Letter*, Ireland's richest and most powerful paper. He had an enviable command of the English language, imagination and drive, and a genius for getting business. Before long he was bringing in ads for the *Journal* at a record rate, and was established as a young man to be watched in the publishing world.

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As live a wire as Fox was not long for the orthodox ways of the *Wall Street Journal*. Soon his eye fell upon the *National Police Gazette*, which was then quietly going to the dogs in a shabby cellar a few blocks uptown. Once it had been a brilliant weekly edited by a brilliant man, George Wilkes, who founded it in 1845. Now, after 31 hectic years and a succession of owners, its circulation had shriveled; it was a pathetic rag without prestige, character or any good reason for existence.

However, Fox had an idea that something could be made of the *Gazette*, and he decided to move in on it. In 1875 he threw over his lucrative *Journal* job and became the *Gazette's* advertising solicitor, a switch that astounded the proprietors no less than it did Fox's friends.

Fox made spectacular progress. In a few months he was business manager, and by 1877 publisher and proprietor. It happened this way: The *Gazette* was owned by two engravers. They fell behind in their payments of Fox's advertising commissions and took to offering him stock instead. One morning they woke up to find that Fox held the majority interest. "You boys go back to your engraving," he proposed. "I'll take the whole paper over and call it square." According to reports the owners got out in a hurry before he could reconsider.

Fox revolutionized the *Gazette*. With a sweep of his hand he fired the whole staff and hired two first-rate

writers — Bracebridge Hemming, author of the Jack Harkaway stories, and a picturesque journalist named Samuel A. MacKeever. MacKeever, who was only 28, proved to be something of a phenomenon. Until his death four years later he ground out ten columns a week under such *noms de plume* as Paul Prowler, Colonel Lynx, the Old Rounder and the Marquis of Lorgnette.

II

The *Gazette* had previously concentrated on crusading against political corruption. Fox jettisoned this policy and devoted the paper almost exclusively to sex and sin, and without making much of an effort to distinguish between the two subjects. The two following items may serve to provide an idea of the *Gazette's* coverage of local events:

JUST SENTENCE — Heustis, the Long Island abductor, who ran away with another man's wife some weeks ago, has been tried for the offense of stealing the clothes which the lady wore at the time of her departure, and has been found guilty of petty larceny. He was therefore sentenced to imprisonment in the penitentiary for six months as a warning to all such villains in the future. According to this sentence, all scoundrels who meditate absconding with other men's wives will, hereafter, find it necessary to take them *e puris naturalis* or not at all.

ATTEMPTED RAPE — A villain by the name of Martin Shays, attempted a rape upon a young lady in this town Wednesday last, but entirely without success. The lady was in bed, but fought like a tigress in defense of her private rights.

Fox was the first publisher to feature divorce, and also the first to embellish newsprint with magnificent woodcuts. "If they can't read, give them plenty of pictures," he decreed, and the *Gazette* screamed its new policies in sixteen pink pages of illustrated sin. (Nearly seventy years later, Colonel Robert R. McCormick of the Chicago *Tribune* and Joseph Medill Patterson of the New York *Daily News* both admitted that they had learned more about tabloid technique and the adroit use of color from the *Police Gazette* than from any place else.) *Gazette* readers appear to have been much taken up with the pink covers on the magazine, which portrayed, say, a scene in one of New York's "sinks of iniquity."

On page two Fox ran the editorials, most of them tongue-in-cheek diatribes against sin — perhaps a defense of capital punishment, an acid account of hypocrisy among do-gooders, or an exposé of police incompetence. Further on there were answers to correspondents about criminal records, more blasts against racketeering, and news items with headings along this line:

SNARED BY A SCOUNDREL

An Innocent Country Beauty
On Her Travels, Encounters Her Fate In
An Adventure Of The Worst Type

A number of columns, most of them with alliterative titles, were the heart of the *National Police Gazette*. "Vice's Varieties" was "an assorted lot of evil

deeds of evil doers." "Noose Notes" described a hanging with all the heavy gaiety of an old-fashioned family reunion. There were "Crimes of the Clergy" and "Homicidal Horrors" and, most popular of all, "Glimpses of Gotham" by the ubiquitous MacKeever, which familiarized readers "with the sumptuousness of Fifth Avenue and the squalor of Five Points, with the boudoir of the great actress and the cell of the condemned man." (After MacKeever's death, Fox published "Glimpses of Gotham" in book form and it sold 250,000 copies.)

The *Gazette* ran pages of furious fiction and thousands of feature stories, often in installments, for instance, "Steps to Ruin," "Gaslight Temptations" and the unsolved kidnapping of Charley Ross. A clergyman caught in *flagrante delicto* was honey to the *Gazette's* tongue. So was a "high-toned" scandal. An enticing account of two beauties in Keokuk punching, gouging and butting each other for the favor of a local swain was a natural for the paper. All of this was accompanied by hair-raising pictures.

Fox had some of the finest artists in the country working for him. Men of talent and imagination like George E. McEvoy, Matt Morgan, Charles Kendrick and George White were on his staff. Some of the woodcut effects they produced remain unsurpassed. Whether it was William H. Vanderbilt colliding with a family sled or two charming society damsels being spied on by peeping Toms, the action was

always lusty and titillating. A villain in the act of spiriting off a protesting maiden is foiled by some Handsome Harry. Or the congregation of a Pittsburgh Presbyteriate is in a terrific brawl on what should have been a quiet Sabbath: Rival factions, at odds over the choice of a pastor, are entangled in a riotous free-for-all. Pews are upset, prayer books are strewn everywhere; the pastor is at the throat of the deacon.

III

The *Gazette* was never dull, and there was a good reason for it. In those days many of the star reporters for the great metropolitan dailies shared one great weakness, a craving for hard liquor combined with a shortage of hard cash. For four bottles of whisky and \$10 Fox could hire the town's top writing talent over the weekend. Writers whom he picked up this way would be locked in a special den with some pugilist posted outside to make sure the *Gazette* got its money's worth. On Monday morning Fox had a slew of fascinating material. His only advice to the journalists before locking them up was: "Write! Write a lot! Write the stuff the dailies don't dare print! Be as truthful as possible, but remember, a story's a story!"

The *Gazette's* advertising was low-brow, crude, occasionally hilarious and always enormously profitable to Fox. "I am the acknowledged belle of my own city, and have beaux by the score," advertised Miss Flossie Lee of Augusta, Maine, "but wish to extend

my acquaintance over the whole country." Suckers were offered full-sized pictures of Flossie as well as a dozen photos of other "charming young lady friends" all for 25 cents. For the same price the West Supply Company of St. Louis would send you a document advertised as *Marriage and its results with 14 vivid pictures*, a photo of your future spouse along with a "teasing love letter" and 15 valuable secrets. And for only ten cents, "Married Ladies or those contemplating marriage" could get a sample of Hart's celebrated "female powder," particulars regarding a "Boon to Woman," and "information to every lady," whatever that was. The Standard Card Co. of Oswego, N. Y., offered "readers and strippers for all games, fine holdouts, loaded dice, crap ringers, etc." The Pedine Co. claimed it had a remedy guaranteed to make the feet smaller. Dr. Sanden of New York and Chicago peddled an electric belt which was guaranteed to cure "Nervous Debility, Seminal Weakness, Impotence, Lumbago, Rheumatism, Kidney and Bladder Complaints, Dyspepsia, Malaria and Piles." Suckers had a choice between a \$5 belt containing 26 degrees of strength and one for \$10, four times stronger. Judging from the number of ads inserted by Dr. Sanden, there were plenty of suckers.

At least fifty quacks paid Fox a dollar a line just to publish their libidinous humbug on sexual invigorants and the cure of venereal disease. The San Mateo Med. Co. of St.

Lotus had a "delicious MEXICAN CONFECTION" which "positively and permanently increases sexual power . . . Restores Vigor, Snap and Health of Youth." Dr. Jas. Wilson of Cleveland advertised a marvelous "instrument worn at night" for doctorless correction of "Youthful Indiscretion (self abuse or excess) resulting in loss of memory, spots before the eyes, nervousness, weak back, and defective smell." J. H. Reeves of P. O. Box 2320, New York, offered *Gazette* fans an enticing handout. For only the asking he would send "victims of youthful imprudence a simple means of self-cure" which he had, it appeared, been lucky enough to discover "after having tried every known remedy in vain." J. C. Allan Co. also knew a trick or two. Without mentioning specifically what their medicine was good for, they claimed: "No. 1, will cure any case in four days or less. No. 2, will cure the most obstinate case, no matter of how long standing." Apparently there was no need to count any further.

Anticipating repercussions, the *Gazette* covered itself by piously announcing that it would not under any circumstances permit ads of a "lewd, obscene or fraudulent character." Then Fox added a line: "The proprietor will not hold himself responsible for the advertiser's honesty."

IV

Fox made the *Gazette* the world's leading journal of sport, stage and sensation. He set out to do it without

respect for person, position or power of wealth; and he made a lot of enemies along the way. Owney Geoghegan, the proprietor of a Bowery dive, appears to have resented the *Gazette's* appraisal of him and once stormed Fox's office with murder in his heart. Owney regained consciousness at the bottom of the stairs. Lorillard, the tobacco titan, gave a swanky ball the likes of which New York hadn't seen in months. The *Gazette's* society editor polished it off in a few snide paragraphs which included a description of an imaginary Lorillard coat-of-arms (a "cuspidor couchant with two cigars and a plug of tobacco rampant"). Once when there was talk about an appropriation for importing a dozen gondolas to ornament the lake in Central Park, the *Gazette* pinned these words on a prominent alderman by the name of Barney O'Shane:

Gintlemin, the idea is a good wan, but — I would make an amindmint. Why should we buy twelve of them goldolas? I make a motion we buy two of thim — a male wan and a female wan. Thin, gintlemin, let nature take its course.

These tactics inevitably brought on a bucketful of damage suits for ruined reputations, all of which Fox pooh-poohed. "We do not heed threats or libel suits," the *Gazette* wrote self-righteously. "We are strong in the justice of our motives and will have out the truth at any cost whatsoever. We never dodged a challenge or evaded an investigation in our

lives. Those who fear, make truce, but coercion never swerves the just and bold."

Just to show how he felt about the matter, Fox ran an itemized list of suits brought against the *Gazette* over a six-month period in 1885 and then openly dared the litigants to try and collect. The sum of the suits, threatened or filed, was a whopping \$3,120,000, including one brought by Lillian Russell (\$20,000) for some brazen references to her career. If anyone ever collected there is no record of it. However, Anthony Comstock's famous Society for the Suppression of Vice hauled Fox into court on four different occasions, and the fourth time he was fined \$500 for "indecent advertisements."

Nobody can say how many times Fox came close to being killed or beaten by some of his irate targets. The record appears to show only one successful assault, and even in this matter the facts are somewhat clouded. The incident began when the *Gazette* reported that Richard Swayne Arthurson of St. Louis

eloped with a married woman, was arrested, convicted and fined \$15.00. He then returned to his wife, with whom he lived for a week, when he eloped again. This time he chose a maiden, having learned, as he said in a letter to Mrs. Arthurson, that there is no law against running off with unmarried females.

Shortly after this appeared, Mr. Arthurson came looking for Mr. Fox, and the morning after the two met

Mr. Fox came to work without a front tooth. He denied, however, that the injury had been inflicted by Arthurson. "I was struck by an elevated railroad train," he maintained, and to prove it he filed suit against the Metropolitan Street Railway for \$100,000. The case was never tried.

At least once a week, Fox entertained delegations of do-gooders come to correct the errors of the *Gazette's* ways. There was the time a delegation of clergymen marched into his office bearing aloft the *Gazette's* pen-and-ink cover of Miss Blanche Pruitt, Queen of the Ballet, in all her voluptuous grandeur. At the spokesman's first words, "Let us pray!" Fox immediately dropped to his knees and gave forth as zealously as anyone in the delegation. This maneuver took the edge off the group's fervor, and there seemed nothing for them to do but leave.

V

One of the few men who recognized Fox's genius from the start was a New York policeman named William Muldoon. Muldoon had lent Fox \$500 to help him get going and they became close friends. Later Muldoon became wrestling champion of the world and the manager of the Boston Strong Boy, John L. Sullivan.

Partly from his association with Muldoon, and partly through his keen publishing insight, Fox began in 1879 the country's first regular sports department. It soon became so popu-

lar that it eclipsed even crime in its hold on *Gazette* readers. This was at a time when bare-knuckle fighting was the rage; and when Paddy Ryan met Joe Goss the *Gazette* scooped the fight. It printed a scintillating display of ringside pictures which attracted possibly more attention than the Garfield-Hancock Presidential campaign.

For years Fox carried on a feud with John L. Sullivan. The *Gazette* publisher had been all set to back Sullivan in his quest for the title and had gone down to Harry Hill's Sporting Theatre one April evening in 1881 to look the fighter over. As usual, Sullivan was the center of attraction that night; when Fox arrived he was bragging of his prowess to a rapt circle of admirers. Fox sent a waiter over to invite Sullivan to his table. But John L. announced with a roar: "It's no longer from him to me than it is from me to him. If he wants to see me, *he* can do the walking."

From then on John L. Sullivan became Fox's pet hate. The insulted publisher searched high and low for a pugilist who could flatten him. First he backed Paddy Ryan. Sullivan slaughtered him in February 1882 and contemptuously called the diamond-studded championship belt donated by Fox a "dog collar." Fox was furious. He threw fighter after fighter at the great champion — Slade of Australia, Greenfield of England and finally the brute Jake Kilrain. Sullivan knocked them all out. It was only after the historic bout with Kilrain on

July 8, 1889, which cost Fox \$10,000 that Sullivan and the *Gazette* publisher patched up their feud. From then on they were friends for life and the *Gazette* provided an intimate coverage of the champion's most spectacular battles. Circulation reached an all-time high of 500,000.

By 1890 Fox was sitting on top of the world. The *Gazette* was a million-dollar enterprise housed in a towering structure alongside Brooklyn Bridge. It occupied more space and machinery than any other publication in the United States. It had subscribers in 26 foreign countries. The *Gazette's* giant illuminated clock was the best-known timepiece in town and Mr. Fox one of the country's leading celebrities. He raced his own horse, a \$10,000 beauty named Police Gazette, and supported his own baseball team, the Foxes. His building was easily the sporting center of the world. Its furniture was palatial, modeled after rare old specimens in the Louvre. It contained a special museum of Fox trophies set against stands of plush and velvet and oil paintings of the great heroes of the day; and it was topped off by a fabulous Fox sensation — a huge dumbbell which was said to weigh 1030 pounds.

Fox was not a man to hoard his good fortune. His charity list was an arm long. He spent more than a million dollars in awards to athletes and sportsmen. He donated diamond and gold medals and belts left and right, not only to prize fighters but to walkers, club swingers, Annie Oakleys, rowers, wrestlers, weight-lifters, swim-

mers, track men and fencers. Long before William Randolph Hearst borrowed the idea, Fox was getting publicity by staging every kind of contest imaginable. The *Gazette* crowned champion singers and dancers, champion rat catchers and oyster shuckers and champion steeple climbers. Nor did Fox forget his best salesmen, the bartenders and barbers. He awarded medals to the champion drink-mixer and the champion hair-cutter. The latter is said to have cut a head of hair in less than 30 seconds, and the customer to have received a special award for bravery.

Fox's most fantastic philanthropy was a row of tenements which he tried to build up in rat-infested Chinatown. He poured thousands of dollars into remodeling them. He put in marble stairs, steam heat, hot and cold water, gas, bathrooms and incredible bronze statues of many of his prizewinners — all for \$10 per month per flat. It didn't work out, however. The tenants were accustomed to coming home drunk and rioting in the halls. They pawned the *objets d'art*, even the plumbing. Whole bathrooms were disposed of for five dollars, and one party, more enterprising than his neighbors, sold a flight of the prize marble stairs.

The *Gazette's* slump coincided with the rise of the tabloids during the years around the first World War. The tabloids stole Fox's thunder: people refused to wait a whole week for scandal and snappy pictures when they

could find them every day in the penny press. The eighteenth amendment was another disaster for the *Gazette*. The speakeasies which supplanted the old saloons appeared not to care much about Fox's journal, and a major source of circulation was eliminated. Then about 1922 women began to bob their hair, and the old-fashioned barber shop, another *Gazette* citadel, was lost. Rather than run the risk of offending their new female customers, barbers began to cut off their subscriptions to the *Gazette*. As one observer, in a fit of rhetoric, put it: "Dame Fortune had delivered a right uppercut to the chin of the old pink paper which left it as groggy as Kilrain in his seventy-fifth round 'nigh New Orleans.'!"

The paper took a lease on life during the Dempsey-Tunney fights of 1926-27, when its circulation went back to 200,000. But the rise was only temporary. Against a flood of confession and girly magazines the illustrated weekly curled up its toes and flopped over. In February 1932 it was sold for a bankrupt.

Occasionally, however, some new angel pops up who cannot resist the lure of the old *Gazette*. The latest buyer, an adventurous spirit named Harold Roswell, claims that he actually passed up a chance to buy *Life* magazine in order to purchase the *Gazette* in 1935.

Roswell publishes his baby once a month from a Broadway office walled with blowups of old *Gazette* scenes. On the theory that if the times have

changed, people haven't, he has boldly imitated Richard K. Fox. He has restored the pink cover and ancient masthead and borrowed copiously from the heyday of the *Gazette*. Today's monthly resembles a tabloid Sunday supplement with exposés, sex crimes, sports and plenty of cheese-cake. For fifteen cents the reader gets a glamorous pinup girl on the cover and an inside containing reports on such matters as "Why Hedy Lamarr Can't Stay Married," "Love Goes to a Murder" and "Lady Wrestlers in Action."

The advertising, as anyone might guess, is still on the pulp level. By answering any one of a dozen *Gazette* ads you can learn how to be a magician or a fingerprint expert, how to expose card cheats, write thrilling love letters, beat the races, avoid gray hair, mix exotic drinks, make yourself "commando-tough in double-quick time," borrow money, cure your aching feet and back, and join "the Hundreds of Thousands of Men Who . . . Appear SLIMMER . . . Feel Better . . . and Look Younger" with "COMMANDER, the Amazing NEW Abdominal Supporter."

Roswell has run up against many of the same problems as Fox. He has had

to contend with threats of bodily harm. He has fought (and won) a battle for the retention of his mailing permit. He has been dogged by damage suits (without anybody collecting). The latest of these, filed by the town of Phoenix City, Alabama, was the result of a typical *Gazette* exposé called "The Wickedest City in America."

It is a tribute to Roswell's ingenuity that the *Gazette* has made an amazing recovery. Its circulation has soared from about 20,000 a month in 1935 to over 300,000 today. Its subscribers include Alfred DuPont, Supreme Court Justices Murphy and Black and, naturally, Tommy Manville. Senators have defended the paper on the floor of Congress and Presidents Roosevelt and Truman have endorsed certain of its articles. "Roosevelt liked our article in support of his second term so much that he influenced the Democratic National Committee to buy a quarter of a million copies," Roswell told me.

Which only goes to show that the publishing ideas of the old master, Richard Kyle Fox, are basically as sound nowadays as they were in that gaslit era when he parlayed \$2 into a fortune of nearly \$2 million.



IS GOD NECESSARY?

BY ALSON J. SMITH

ONE of the most trenchant commentaries on the current revulsion from materialism is Dr. Carl Jung's *Modern Man in Search of a Soul*. Significantly enough, it was not written by a member of what Henry Mencken used to call "the reverend clergy" but by a psychiatrist. Indeed, much of our best theology today is being written, not by theologians, but by scientists.

In *Modern Man in Search of a Soul* Jung says that he has never had a single patient over 35 years of age whose problem, in the last analysis, was not that of finding a religious outlook on life. He quotes a conversation between himself and a patient:

DOCTOR: You are suffering from a lack of faith in God and immortality.

PATIENT: But Dr. Jung, do *you* believe in those things?

DOCTOR: I am a doctor, not a priest. But I tell you this — if you recover your faith you will get well; if you don't, you won't.

The feeling that salvation depends on recovering, or finding, or creating some sort of a religious faith is pervading a good part of atom-stricken humanity today. The creation of the

bomb, of course, and the chorus of scientific *mea culpa* that has accompanied it has dramatized something that has been going on ever since World War I shattered the complacent, orderly universe of our fathers. That war and its aftermath tore apart the cozy, friendly world which was going leisurely on to perfection under the aegis of the internal combustion engine, and reminded mankind that the old problem of Good and Evil remained unsolved. In the midst of jazz-age boom and bust, apple-selling and international double-crossing, it gradually dawned on the more intelligent members of the human race in the United States and elsewhere that they were — lost! It is this growing consciousness of *aloneness* that is the most characteristic feature of the literature of the inter-war period. "O lost!" runs the refrain of Thomas Wolfe's *Look Homeward, Angel*. "Remembering speechlessly, we seek the great forgotten language, the lost lane-end into heaven, a stone, a leaf, an unfound door." We are afloat on the River of Time, we have lost our father, and We Can't Go Home Again — back to the old, comfortable

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small-town world where we were secure. It is not only in Wolfe but in F. Scott Fitzgerald and Theodore Dreiser, Mencken and Sinclair Lewis, that we hear the overtones of disillusion and disenchantment.

Conscious now of his "lostness," man hungered to be found. He had gotten lost in a forest of material things, he had worshipped the Golden Calf, he had put his trust in false gods like Calvin Coolidge and in false slogans like Coolidge's "the business of this country is business." In retrospect, it seemed plain that he had turned off the highway to the *Civitate Dei* at Wall Street. One thing was clear — he must retrace his steps up Wall Street if he was to be found.

So one of the characteristic features of modern man's search for a soul is that it is anti-capitalist. Western man has a guilt-complex about the profit system, and it will take more than full-page ads by the National Association of Manufacturers to dispel it. As in most cases of guilt-consciousness, the sense of sin may be out of all proportion to the sin itself. But that is beside the point — the feeling of guilt is there, and it is strong.

II

The demagogues of the pseudo-religions have been shrewd enough to realize this. They have realized that lost mankind was seeking a door while the leaders of the capitalist democracies (or, more specifically, of *this* capitalist democracy) have thought he was just staggering home after a

debauch. And they have opened plenty of doors, every one of them labeled unmistakably "anti-capitalist." Communism, Fascism, Nazism, Falangeism — all have shown awareness, as capitalism has not, that man is looking for his soul and not just for a comfortable living. He is looking for purpose and meaning and significance in life — for a door! "The capacity of modern man to believe is unbelievable," said the late unlamented Benito Mussolini. And so the dictators talked not only about bread and jobs but about thousand-year Reichs and new Roman empires and waves of the future. "We are storming the planet!," said a Communist youth leader recently. In the face of all this, the moguls of commerce and industry are amazed and hurt that the incomparable productivity of the private enterprise system weighs so lightly in the scale. They cannot understand why storming the planet has a greater appeal than a new four-door de luxe sedan with extra-large luggage compartment. But it has, and one thing that Hitler, Mussolini and Stalin had in common was that they were aware of it.

We may feel that the doors opened by these philosophies lead nowhere; that those who enter them are cruelly deceived; that the door marked "anti-capitalism" leads to a materialism more spiritually corrupting than the materialism of capitalism. But Communism, Nazism, Fascism, etc., have succeeded in giving their followers a sense of belonging, of going some-

where, of being a part of a cosmic process, that capitalism not only has not done but has not seen any necessity for doing. They have become religious faiths, with a full complement of sacred writings and a complete pantheon of saints. And people, particularly young people, have responded. They want to *belong* and they want to belong to something more than a Chamber of Commerce or a Lana Turner Fan Club.

All right, admit that capitalism and the socio-political frame in which it is set do not have much soul-appeal. What about the church? Here is a 1900-year-old organization that exists to open doors, to find the lost. And Christians are old planet-stormers. Cannot modern man, in his retreat from capitalism, find in Christianity that for which his spirit hungers? Does not Christianity call men to as high a destiny, as strenuous an endeavor, as any of the false faiths?

The book-stores today are filled to overflowing with volumes that assure us the answer is yes. The atomic scientists trip over themselves in an eagerness to line up with religion. *Time* and *Life* not only preach to their palpitating public editorially in every issue, hurling Reinhold Niebuhr, Paul Hutchinson, John Foster Dulles and other Christian apologists at their constituency between the chunks of cheesecake and mayhem, they also run long pieces designed to show that Christianity and western culture are one. The return to religion, meaning to the organized Christianity we have

known, is one of the day's most popular literary themes. Almost everybody, it seems, is trying to get into the act.

III

Only it doesn't quite jell. The "lost" man of our time is not going *back* to anything. He knows he can't go home again. What's more, he doesn't want to go "home" to the ecclesiastical establishment and the general pseudo-Christian culture that his fathers knew. He sees all about him the wreckage of that culture and its social order. He wants desperately to "belong"; he wants to find a father, but he knows that William Jennings Bryan is not his father and neither is the Pope.

Modern man has two basic gripes against the Christian culture which has been the spiritual climate of the western world for 1500 years: its ecclesiastical organization and its creedal expression.

As regards the ecclesiastical organization: the average intelligent human being in the western world today has a certain formal respect for the church as a social institution, a respect which he pays, in the company of his wife and children, at Christmas, Easter and other stated occasions. But, even though he may be technically a member of it, he looks beyond the church for the answers to the vital questions of life.

There are several important reasons for the present low reputation of the church. Most important, perhaps, is

that the church of our day does not think of life in terms of total organization. "Totalitarianism" is an unpopular word today, and rightly so, but the hard fact is that only a philosophy which encompasses all of life and seeks its total integration has any appeal to men frustrated by the increasing specialization — and consequent fragmentation — of human existence. The church of the great Ages of Faith tied all of life together. Life in medieval times was hard, but it had unity, it made sense. It was not compartmentalized into its economic, political, social and religious components. It was *all* religious, with the church dominant and its authority unquestioned in every field. This was tough on the scientists, the educators, and the entrepreneurs who wanted to move ahead, but for the average man it gave a meaning to life that life has not had since. Of course, when the church had all this authority it abused it grievously, which is why it lost it.

The church also does not have on it that label "anti-capitalist" which seems to be the prerequisite for any philosophy which would answer the questions of the guilt-ridden man of the West today. True, there are a goodly number of professed Christian socialists and even a few alleged Christian communists within the church. Some papal encyclicals and pronouncements of the Federal Council of Churches have had occasional anti-capitalist overtones. And of course there are all kinds of "Christian" fascists in Spain and elsewhere who

are avowedly anti-capitalist. But the church itself, Catholic and Protestant, is obviously wedded to the *status quo*. The church is itself rich, a landlord, a holder and forecloser of mortgages, an investor. And whenever there is an anti-capitalist revolt from either the right or the left, the church is among the first to feel its wrath.

Finally, the seeking man cannot but be aware of the fact that the church does not take its own ethical teaching too seriously. To borrow an expression from the street, it has not put its money where its mouth is. Much of the tremendous moral authority of the church leaks away through the gap between profession and practice which is so obvious in Christianity. In the field of race relations, for instance, the Methodist Church leads all of Protestantism in its demands for racial justice. But it is a segregated church, in which all Negro Methodists are put in a jurisdiction of their own whether they like it or not (they don't!), and it is steadily becoming more, not less, segregated. The man of intelligence, who knows that racism is nonsense, cannot take Methodism's professions of racial equality seriously, any more than he can take papal infallibility or the resurrection of the body seriously.

IV

Then there is the matter of faith. A small boy once defined faith as "believing what you know ain't so." To many, the traditional dogmas of the church appear to be a mere collection of things that can't possibly be so.

An intelligent correspondent writes: "How can a rational man believe in the doctrine of transsubstantiation? Or take seriously the business of baptism?" Or, he might have gone on, the Virgin Birth, the Resurrection of the Body, the Incarnation, Consubstantiation, Ordination and the Infallibility of the Pope.

The answer is, he can't. You can "spiritualize" these dogmas to the nth degree, you can make them "symbolic" until you are blue in the face — which is what most theologians do — and you cannot come out anywhere except that all of them are undemonstrable anywhere in life and are the vestigial remnants of an earlier period in human history. True, all of these doctrines have historical significance and even historical justification, but that is where they now belong — in history, not in living faith and practice. The theologians who stand on their heads to "prove" that a virgin birth is possible, or that sprinkling a few drops of water on a baby's head fills the infant with the spirit of God, are just that — men standing on their heads.

If undemonstrable and, in fact, untrue, how did the dogmas get started and why do so many clergymen still cling to them?

The answer is found in history. They originated in a world in which nobody knew very much about anything. Like the early postulates of science, the dogmas represented a combination of inherited myth and intelligent guess; they were the work-

ing hypotheses of faith, and they did work even though we now know them to be scientifically untenable. They gave the persecuted young Christian community a definite body of belief about which to rally and they made the transition from paganism to Christianity easier — for after all, most of these dogmas were rooted in pagan belief and practice.

The church's great error was in not discarding the old hypotheses when new ones displaced them. All honor to the old — they represented the best thinking of the most intelligent men of their day. But when the church had discovered, or had forced upon it, new and better hypotheses, it found itself the victim of its own doctrine as to its nature and origin. It, like God, was "the same yesterday, today, and forever"; it was the possessor of revealed and immutable truth. It could not change its mind, or have God change His, without serious damage to its own authority. The church as a whole could not do as Brigham Young did; when he wanted to change a policy or do something differently he just went out and found some plates on which were written new "revelations." What the church did was to attempt to hold on to the old while giving it an interpretation that made it appear intellectually respectable. But it didn't work. Today the "lost" man simply will not — cannot — accept the traditional eschatological scheme of Christianity. As a matter of fact, none but the die-hard fundamentalists still accept the eschatology.

Liberal Christians have, to all intents and purposes, abandoned it. A man can join most of the evangelical Protestant churches without professing a belief in any of the dogmas mentioned above.

If not in the church or its creeds where then shall weary man rest on his retreat from Wall Street? Is he doomed to be led astray by the demigods of authoritarianism and cynicism and finally lost in the nihilistic night? I don't think so.

When Bill W., the banker, had lost all his money and saw nothing ahead of him but alcoholic insanity and the grave, a friend came and talked quite unemotionally to him about God. Bill winced. He couldn't take the God of the churches seriously. He needn't, said his friend. He could work out his own conception of God. The idea that God was not the personal property of ecclesiastical establishments came as quite a surprise to Bill, who had always thought of Him as a sort of abstinent, non-smoking, interdict-hurling Presbyterian elder. Anyway, out of Bill's conversation with his friend grew the organization we know as "Alcoholics Anonymous" — an experiment in applied religion that works. Currently, some 35,000 men and women in the United States are discovering that God is as available to those who need Him *outside* of the church as He is to those inside. They are discovering, too, that God can be approached directly, without priestly intercession, sacrament or creed. What "AA" does in relation to a specific evil

— alcoholism — a similar approach which is simple, pragmatic and non-creedal can do for all "lost" men and women who are aware of the larger problem of Good and Evil and of their own souls as a battleground.

The key word for the ending of our "lostness," of course, is God. It is God from Whom the lonely of heart of Wolfe, Mencken, Fitzgerald and Lewis are strayed. And it is God to Whom the psychiatrists and the atomic scientists recall us. It does not matter how we get to God as long as we do. "It is only by concentrating on eternal things," says Aldous Huxley, "that we can prevent Time from making diabolical foolishness of all we do."

v

One of the most significant theological books of the twentieth century has recently come from the pen of one of America's most distinguished scientists. It is *Man Does Not Stand Alone* by Dr. A. Cressy Morrison, former President of the New York Academy of Science.

Dr. Morrison, in telling why man does not stand alone, argues compellingly for theism. The exacting conditions necessary for life could not possibly exist in proper relationship by chance, he says. He illustrates by mathematics. Put ten numbers in your pocket and draw them out at random. Your chance of drawing out number one at any given time would be one in ten; of drawing numbers one and two in succession, one in 100; of drawing one, two and three in suc-

cession, one in a 1000. The chance of drawing all ten numbers in succession would be one in *10 billion*.¹ Well, says the doctor, there's just about that much chance that the intricate and interdependent clockwork of the universe "just happened."

This, of course, is the old argument from *design*. This is God's world, and a Cosmic Mind planned it and stands back of it. It's not a bad argument and it has a certain validity, but let us admit that our twentieth-century cynic is not going to swallow it whole. Nature, wonderfully formed and marvelously interdependent as it is, is too impersonal, too objective, too non-moral to provide a final and conclusive argument for God. The entire drive of the whole awe-inspiring machine seems to be directed towards one simple end — pollination. And nature doesn't care how, when, or with whom. Life's drive to perpetuate itself cuts squarely across all the moral, ethical and other values customarily associated with religion. And yet, life's drive to perpetuate itself must be the very hub of the divine design, if design there be!

Also, the argument from design leaves unsolved the great, central problem of man's existence on this planet — the problem, the paradox, of Good and Evil.

A correspondent, arguing against theism, writes: "If a God really does exist, how do you account for evil? Why did God create Hitler, cockroaches, Gerald L. K. Smith and the bubonic plague? And why doesn't He do something about the New York subway system?"

This problem of evil, of course, is the crucial one. It is a paradox that has absorbed the theologians from St. Paul on down to Soren Kierkegaard and the French Existentialists. Life is good and bad, light and dark, lustful and loving, peaceful and murderous. Is there an answer to it? There are a lot of answers, some of them very erudite, but there is no final answer. To say that God, having created all things, gave man free will and that man thereupon brought into being and chose evil, is too pat. The "first cause" of the evil would still be the God Who brought into being a creature capable of creating and choosing evil against good. And the doctrine of Original Sin — "In Adam's fall we sinn'd all" — is obviously not going to be accepted by intelligent men and women who know very well that "Adam" was a blob of protoplasm.

No, the argument from design is interesting, and it has possibilities, but it is not a final answer. There will have to be better evidence for God than design.

It seems to me that there is.

It is evidence of the spiritual world, that world of warmth and beauty and creativity and love that lies just beyond the finger-tips; that world

¹ Unfortunately, Dr. Morrison has left himself open to criticism here by making a mathematical error. The actual probability of drawing numbers one and two in succession would be one in 90, not one in 100; the probability of drawing one, two and three in succession would be one in 720, not one in 1000; and the probability of drawing all ten in succession would be one in 3,628,800, not one in 10 billion. But the corrected figures do not really detract from the force of his argument.

which, in the words of Dante, is "so strong to fight against all that is false and low and mean in life"; that world of which the great souls of the ages give such eloquent testimony — Prince Gautama, Lao-Tse, King David, Jesus, St. Francis, Gandhi. Can we deny that world, that world of thought and feeling in which our true citizenship lies and in which our most memorable experiences in life are founded?

VI

The late Dr. Lecomte du Nouy, a physicist and Nobel Prize winner, testifies to the reality of that world in his *Human Destiny*. Evolution, he says, always proceeds from the most highly developed organ at any given stage. This means that from here on, life will evolve towards a higher stage from the human brain, the mind, the consciousness. The great discoveries of tomorrow will be in the realm of what we call the psychic, the extra-sensory. He talks about "the untiring effort to draw nearer to God," and concludes that "the destiny of man is not limited to his existence on earth and he must never forget that fact."

And at the heart of that rich world of extra-sensory experience can we not believe, with the mystics of the ages, that there is a deity, a father, who is to be apprehended not primarily as the creator of this world, but as the Occupant of another; not necessarily as the source and origin of life, but as the goal and end of its pilgrimage? As a Father whose face we have never

seen, but whose foot-print we follow forever? A

... far-off, divine event
Towards which the whole creation moves?

There is one unbeatable testimony to the reality of that spiritual world and of the Father, the Universal Mind and Parent, at its center. That is the religious experience of mankind. Men have *known* God. They have experienced the power, the reality, of the world of the spirit. Their lives have been transformed. An old colored brother in a little Baptist church summed it up when he testified: "I know God can save men because He saved me." As mentioned before, Alcoholics Anonymous is a fellowship of some 35,000 intelligent Americans who discovered God and the world of the spirit and so were able to lick an affliction that has baffled modern medicine. In every age there have been men and women who, in Brother Lawrence's luminous phrase, have been able to "practice the presence of God," and in so doing have found a power outside of themselves which has transformed their lives. Translate this experience into psychological jargon if you like, you still have not robbed it of its power or its significance. The experience, the identification, the transformation are still there and still valid, and Whatever or Whoever caused it is God, even if you prefer calling him Subconscious, or Ego, or Suggestion.

There are, then, two basic arguments for theism — the reality of the

world of spirit and value, and the personal experience of men in every age with God. Design there may or may not be, and this may or may not be God's world. But God has a world! And we enter into it as, imperfect though we are, we seek to understand it and identify ourselves with it and make this paradoxical universe with all its good and all its evil as much like that other, ultimate world as possible.

This kind of faith, unorthodox and rejecting all creed and dogma and priesthood, emphasizing Kierkegaard's *innerlighed* (inward guidance) as the only true guide on the earthly pilgrimage, has been in the Christian culture from the beginning, often bloodily suppressed by the dominant ecclesiastical authority, but persisting in the hearts of a few people, many of them "heretics." It came to America about the middle of the eighteenth century with the Anabaptists, the Schwenkfelders, the Moravians and the other German sectaries who settled in the middle colonies and to whom our American tradition of separation of church and state owes

so much. It is still here, outside of the great consistories, synods, and conferences of the Church Militant, and in it there is great hope.

"I believe we are lost here in America," said Tom Wolfe just before he died, "but I believe we shall be found." It is in our discovery, or rediscovery of the world of the spirit that we find ourselves and God. And it is the scientist who joins today with the theologian and the philosopher to proclaim that this is a real world, in truth the only real world.

In this world of spirit and value there is place for neither of those priests of Mammon, capitalism or Communism, but there is a call to a new, integrated life for all of beleaguered mankind. And as man builds towards this new life he inevitably builds a new ecclesia, a new house of faith in which every man is his own priest, an ecclesia which is a fellowship not of the *saved* but of the *seeking*, an ecclesia based not on rigorisms and taboos and dogmas but on the simple premise that God, as Tolstoy once said, is He without Whom we cannot live.

PHRASE ORIGINS—32

THE DEVIL TO PAY: *Appearances notwithstanding, this expression has nothing remotely to do with ransoming off Old Nick in order to avert some misfortune. This particular word "pay" means to caulk (as a boat, for example) and is descended, via French, from the same Latin word which gives us "pitch." "Devil" here is the nautical term for a seam in a ship's hull, at or below the water line, which frequently requires caulking. The expression makes good sense when given in its entirety, viz.: "the devil to pay and no pitch hot" — obviously an unpleasant predicament.*

LOUIS JAY HERMAN

SECRETARY OF STATE MARSHALL

BY DONALD ROBINSON

WHEN George Catlett Marshall took over the State Department in January 1947 the capital's protocol experts were bothered by the problem of how he ought to be addressed: should it be as "Mr. Secretary," they wondered, or as "General"? After some discussion, they decided to take their cue from President Truman when he gave Marshall the oath of office. But they found that the President was not much help. Once the oath had been administered he turned to Marshall and said, "General," then faltered a moment, and added, "Mr. Secretary. . . ."

The trouble is that our Secretary of State has all the qualities of the ideal soldier but almost none of the attributes of the successful diplomat. He is blunt, straightforward and unyielding; subtlety, wiliness and flexibility are alien to him. As the Army's wartime Chief of Staff, Marshall got to be known as "the soldier's soldier." But as Secretary of State he has not gone very far toward becoming "the diplomat's diplomat." The give-and-take of political bar-

gaining, whether on an international or national level, sometimes seems a bit too much for him. When he testified before a congressional committee in behalf of his European Recovery Program, he bluntly told his legislative examiners that it was up to them to appropriate all of the \$6.8 billion he felt was needed, or none of it. His friends suggested that it was not very politic to serve Congress with such an ultimatum, but he declined to back down. "All or nothing" was what he meant, he said, and there was no use pretending that it could be put on any other basis.

To the liberals who protested against the ruthless procedures he established for cleansing Communists and fellow-travelers from the State Department (there were to be no appeals), he said point blank that someone had to have a final say on who was subversive in his organization, and that it might as well be he. Persons objecting to various State Department policies on the grounds that they ran contrary to the beliefs of large segments of the American public were advised by him that he

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could not be swayed by popular opinion. (His wife attributes to him the statement: "I cannot afford the luxury of sentiment. Mine must be cold logic. Sentiment is for others.") He felt he was doing his duty as a soldier, and that was enough for him.

Duty to his country, as he sees it, is the first rule of this soldier's life. A selfless man of Washingtonian integrity, totally honest and loyal, he has no interest except safeguarding the United States. Only historians will be able to make the final judgment on whether his soldier's approach has been the correct one. But so far, at least, his record as Secretary of State has been marked chiefly by failures. His intentions have been good but his diplomatic maneuvers have lacked the strength and consistency of a politically-sophisticated policy.

Faced with the problem of bottling up an intransigent Russia plainly bent on world domination, Marshall correctly resolved to meet strength with strength. But his conception of strength runs more along military than ideological lines. He has continually shown himself willing to sacrifice democratic values for security against Soviet expansion. Anxious to solidify Latin America against the Soviet threat, he has courted Perón and halted all efforts to bolster the democratic elements in Argentina. With one eye to the protection of Gibraltar, he has bestowed his *sotto voce* blessings on Spain's Franco. In Greece his policies have been more

disastrous. Confronted by outright Soviet-sponsored aggression in that country, he has leaned upon a graft-ridden government, itself of a quasi-totalitarian cast, to stop Communism. Hungry for Arabian oil and manpower in case of war, he did a sort of whirling dervish act to help the Arabs try to thwart Palestine partition, even though it involved a plain betrayal of previous American pledges.

It is true, of course, that his Marshall Plan is ultra-democratic in conception. It is also true that Marshall vigorously resisted attempts to use American aid as a blackjack against socialist governments. But he has chosen to argue for ERP as a military measure designed solely to "stop the Russians," rather than as a project to bolster democracy. He is the patriotic soldier rather than the democratic crusader, and partly because of this he has met defeat as often as victory. The Latin-American countries were quick to accept his proposal for a mutual defense pact — but Panama, in protest against Marshall's strong-arm tactics, evicted American troops from her bases. He won the fight on ERP — but America lost the last vestige of its influence in East-Central Europe, as the Communists took over Hungary and Czechoslovakia. He persuaded most of the United Nations to adopt his "Little Assembly" stratagem for circumventing the veto — but this did not prevent our position from deteriorating in Greece and China,

where corrupt and incompetent governments have allowed millions of American dollars to go down the drain.

That many of Marshall's problems have been and are insoluble by democratic methods is certainly beyond dispute. But Marshall's failure to use these methods in many instances where they could have worked is also undeniable.

II

When Harry Truman was a senator he once called Marshall "the greatest living American." Truman has not altered his appraisal of the man, and it is not hard to understand why. At 67, Marshall is one of the few men in American public life who have been above personal criticism. His position on the American pedestal is due to more than his brilliant achievements in helping to defeat the Axis. It is due also to the man's unmistakable probity. The soldier-like desire to serve his nation, whatever the cost to his own convenience, amounts to a religion with him. No trace of personal ambition enters into his calculations. A member of his staff remarked not long ago, and with no trace of irreverence, that "that man is like the Holy Ghost." Back in 1944, when a Marshall-for-President boom seemed to be in the making, he aborted it with the curt remark, "I'll be in my grave before I'll be in politics." At the end of the war, when his sole, overpowering wish was to retire from government service and return home

to his family, he nevertheless accepted two assignments from President Truman. The first was as a special ambassador to China; the second, which he has not yet completed, was as Secretary of State.

He was born on New Year's Eve of 1880 in Uniontown, Pennsylvania, the son of a wealthy coal operator and a descendant of Chief Justice John Marshall. He became First Captain of the Cadet Corps and All-Southern football tackle at the Virginia Military Institute. He graduated in 1901, and the following year took a commission in the Regular Army. For the next 44 years the Army was pretty much his whole life.

Marshall's career has been a study in selfless patriotism. This quality had won him the respect of his Army associates early in his career; and it was this that induced President Roosevelt, when he was looking for a chief of staff in 1939, to reach past 34 men ahead of Marshall in rank, and pick out this obscure brigadier-general. Until then Marshall's rise had been steady though not spectacular. He was almost passed over in the race for a general's stars, at one point, because of the intense dislike which General Douglas MacArthur, Army Chief of Staff from 1930 to 1935, had for him. (MacArthur deliberately tried to end Marshall's chances for advancement by assigning him as a National Guard instructor. Marshall appealed for an opportunity to remain with the troops—it was perhaps the only time in his life he has

asked a public favor for himself—and MacArthur ignored the request.) However, General Malin Craig, who succeeded MacArthur, admired Marshall. Craig promoted him to a generalship and brought him to Washington in 1938 as Deputy Chief of Staff.

More than any other one man, Marshall built the Army and determined the strategy that smashed the Axis. It was he who persuaded Congress to enact Selective Service in 1940, and to extend it in 1941. He made certain that real war training was given the draftees. Disregarding the political backfire, he weeded incompetent National Guard commanders out of the Army, relieving virtually every Guard officer between the ranks of colonel and major-general. He must, admittedly, share some of the blame for the Pearl Harbor tragedy. It was plainly his responsibility as Chief of Staff, first to warn General Short against a surprise assault, and second to make sure that the Hawaiian commander took the proper precautions. Marshall did the former but completely neglected the latter. Thereafter, however, he demonstrated military talents and competence of Lee-like calibre. He would have commanded the allied armies that breached Europe had not President Roosevelt felt that he could do more good as Chief of Staff. "I will not be able to sleep at night with you out of the country," Roosevelt said to him.

In the latter years of his military

career, Marshall inspired respect and even devotion from the men around him, but it is questionable whether any of his subordinates ever got to know him very well. He is not the sort of man one slaps on the back and tells a joke to; it is hard to be familiar with him. Virtually everyone on a position of near-equality with General Eisenhower calls him "Ike," but Marshall, to this day, addresses him simply as "Eisenhower." Unlike General Brehon Somervell and other brass hats, Marshall had no craving for constant first-page prominence. When a publishing firm projected a biography of him during the latter years of World War II, he actually used his influence to have the concern postpone publication until at least after the war. While Somervell and other generals wore out rostrums and microphones, Marshall made comparatively few speeches, and the few he made were delivered only when he felt that his personal remarks were important to the war effort.

There was never the slightest vestige of liberalism in anything he did or said. Since his only concern was the military aspect of the war, he frequently recommended the employment of the Army to break war strikes. At one point during the war he went out of his way to castigate organized labor for what he regarded as sabotage of the war effort, thereby prompting AFL President William Green to assail him for "irrational, uninformed and inflammatory" statements. Although virtually every

other Army leader, including Eisenhower and MacArthur, cooperated in a campaign to stress labor's vital rôle in the war, Marshall refused to participate. After a good deal of argument he was ultimately induced to sign one poster — a warning to workers that "we must not fail the men who are doing the fighting."

III

Marshall, at 67, is not a well man today. And yet even in mufti he looks every bit the military man. His face is lined and haggard and his hair is gray, but he still walks stiffly erect. His one confidante is his wife, Katherine Boyce Tupper, a gracious and attractive widow whom he married in 1930, three years after the death of his first wife. The romance between him and the second Mrs. Marshall is the sole deviation from the Spartan pattern; they are reputedly as devoted to each other now as they were eighteen years ago. However, the General rarely sees her today except on weekends, since for reasons of health she has been living on their estate in Leesburg, Virginia.

Marshall's Washington existence is an austere one. Shunning the capital's social life, he spends most of his evenings alone in his hotel suite reading what someone has described (how he got the information is a minor mystery) as "all the latest books." Once in a great while he goes to the movies. (His favorite picture of recent years, unaccountably, was a piece of fluff called *State Fair*, which

he liked so much that he had it flown to China for General Chiang Kai-shek.) He has given up smoking and drinks only very lightly, usually old-fashioneds. His day at the office starts around 8:45 A.M. and lasts until 4:30. He lunches simply on a salad, which he takes in a private dining room on the fifth floor of the new building taken over by the State Department from the Army, an ornate structure located in the "Foggy Bottom" section of Washington. His office is a huge, two-story-high, walnut-paneled room which was occupied by Robert P. Patterson when he was Under-Secretary of War. Patterson, when he first saw the room, remarked that it resembled nothing so much as the anteroom to a Turkish brothel. Marshall is said to be equally overwhelmed by its flamboyance.

A deeply religious Episcopalian, he is a constant churchgoer. For recreation he enjoys puttering about his garden, hunting, and an occasional game of Chinese Checkers with his wife. His only personal ambition is to withdraw as speedily as possible from the government so that he can "go home and fix things up at Leesburg."

Army commanders are not accustomed to being troubled with detailed planning; as a general rule, they fix the objectives and leave it to their staffs to recommend means for attaining these goals. Marshall has carried over this military habit into his new State Department work. The three men who have the most influence on him, and who do most of

the Department's spadework, are Charles E. Bohlen, the Department Counselor, George Kennan, head of its new Policy Planning Division, and Loy Henderson, chief of the Office of Near Eastern and African Affairs. (It was Henderson, incidentally, who planned the Truman Doctrine and the aid-to-Greece program.) Under-Secretary of State Robert A. Lovett, a keen liberal who was formerly Assistant Secretary of War for Air, is also close to Marshall, but like his chief he is a novice in diplomacy and has to rely on the career men for guidance. In general, Marshall has kept himself remote from the workings of the department, leaving its administration mainly to the Department "regulars." By his orders, only major matters are submitted to him for rulings. When a ruling is required of him, someone in the lower echelons prepares a report on the issues involved. The report is divided into three sections: Facts, Conclusions and Recommendations. At the end of the report there are two small boxes, one marked Yes, the other marked No. Marshall puts a check in either of the boxes.

This system has its drawbacks, of course, but it has been pretty much imposed on the Department by the fact that Marshall is rarely informed in detail on any aspect of the international situation. Some government officials who have attended conferences with him say they were astounded at how poorly briefed Marshall was. This lack of concrete

information also doomed to failure the General's attempt to streamline the Department's antediluvian structure. He rooted out scores of gentlemen in striped pants who had not been contributing much to the Department's work, tried to make the various "foreign area desks" work together, and directed that careful liaison be established with other government agencies and with Congress. There was a brief flurry of efficiency, but then, as Marshall was forced to lean on the career men, the Department rapidly returned to normal. The "foreign area desks" regained their sovereign status, and resumed their previous lack of concern with anything save their own regional problems. Liaison with other government bureaux was neglected (the Department of Defense was practically unconsulted on the original decision to back Palestine partition); Congressmen seeking State Department data were, as before, treated as trespassers; and requests that the Department make public some of its vast store of historic documents were ignored.

IV

On only one occasion since he entered the diplomatic field has Marshall ventured into the realm of ideological rights and wrongs. That was in 1946, when he was sent to China to mediate the civil war between Chiang Kai-shek and the Chinese Communists. He worked diligently to lay the groundwork for

a peaceful, democratic China: his efforts were gallant, sincere, naïve and, naturally, ineffective. His failure to recognize the fact that the Chinese Communists were an arm of the Soviet government made his assignment hopeless. He was betrayed by both sides and finally came home, disgusted and disillusioned, convinced that the Nationalists were "reactionary and feudal," and that the Communists were unconcerned with "the sufferings of the Chinese people."

To many pragmatists, Marshall's "plague on both your houses" attitude was a symptom of diplomatic adolescence: he should, in their opinion, have supported Chiang as the lesser of two evils. In any case, he has not repeated the attempt to find a middle ground between Communists and reactionaries. He has left to the academicians the rights and wrongs of non-Communist states and focused his attention on the spreading torrent of Communist wrongs. This attitude has dismayed many European democrats who once had faith in the Atlantic Charter. It has, however, ended any fear that the United States would make a habit of appeasing Stalin.

Marshall's first assignment as Secretary of State was, as a friend of his put it, "to go off to Moscow and keep an appointment with Molotov that someone else made for him." He went to Moscow in March 1947 and did his best to reach a four-power agreement on Germany, but the conference broke down in the face of

Soviet intransigence on reparations and the terms under which Germany might be unified. At the London Conference of Foreign Ministers later that year, he is reported to have found the Russians "even worse than at Moscow, doing their damndest to sabotage the economic welfare of Europe." The London Conference dragged on endlessly, long after it had become apparent that there was no prospect of agreement; and Marshall finally decided that Molotov was trying to prolong the meeting to keep him from returning to the United States and testifying before Congress in favor of ERP. Marshall left in disgust, flew home and delivered his testimony.

The ERP was first broached by Marshall in a speech beneath the elms of the Harvard Yard on June 5, 1947. He is reported to have said, "the Russians were deliberately striving for chaos in Europe because the only way they can spread their system is through squalor and terror." But he also allegedly said "you couldn't put Europe back on its feet if it didn't want to get on its feet." Accordingly, in his Harvard speech, he left it for the European nations to decide for themselves whether they would, with American aid, assist one another.

"It would be neither fitting nor efficacious for this government," Marshall declared,

to undertake to draw up unilaterally a program designed to place Europe on its feet economically. This is the business of the Europeans. The initiative, I think,

must come from Europe. The rôle of this country should consist of friendly aid in the drafting of a European program and of later support for such a program so far as it may be practical for us to do so. The program should be a joint one, agreed to by a number of, if not all, European nations.

In spite of vehement opposition by the Soviet Union, sixteen European nations met, agreed to and eventually drafted plans for collaboration under the ERP. Here at home, Marshall campaigned for it vigorously as an anti-Soviet measure, appearing constantly before Congress and a wide assortment of pressure groups. The Marshall thesis, briefly, is this: If the Soviet Union realizes that America will fight to keep her out of Western Europe, she may, for the time being, refrain from inaugurating hostilities. Meanwhile, as the ERP takes effect and Western Europe regains its economic health, there is a good possibility that some of the nations now in the Soviet orbit will also want to cash in on these American benefits. "First Columns" — the popular designation in Washington for democratic elements behind the Iron Curtain — may spring up throughout the Soviet Empire, and revolutions might be possible in Czechoslovakia, Yugoslavia and other countries. (Marshall does not, however, foresee a revolt in the USSR; the NKVD controls are too strong.) Then, if Stalin should finally decide on war, the odds would have shifted heavily in our favor.

The twists and convolutions of

American policy on Palestine provide what is possibly the aptest illustration of Marshall's thinking about international relations. The original American decision to support the partition program was due entirely to a misunderstanding on Marshall's part. He admits now that he did not understand the implications of our move: as he understood it, the United States was merely recommending a statement of Assembly opinion which was not, however, binding on the all-powerful Security Council. He learned, to his horror, that the Assembly's declaration in favor of partition had been interpreted as unequivocal UN policy. The possibility that Arabian resentment might lose for this country the oil of the Near East became, for Marshall, the dominating concern. And when the Pentagon experts complained that no American armies were available to enforce partition, his mind was made up. The moral and political issues involved were less decisive for him than the military.

Marshall used his great influence on Truman to get the President's support in killing partition. The subsequent American reversal proved to be a stunning blow to the Administration's political hopes for the election this fall. Truman learned the lesson, and when the Jewish state was proclaimed in Palestine last May, the President immediately granted it recognition. The recognition, of course, was a tacit support of the original partition proposal. American foreign

policy had again been reversed in Palestine.

Through all these changes, Marshall remained blithely unconcerned with political issues, either at home or abroad. He is certainly one of the most non-political Secretaries of State we have ever had. There are, of course, unquestioned advantages in having a military man in this post at a time when the world is virtually at war. But we need more than force to stop the threat of expanding Com-

munism. We need also a foreign policy which recognizes that a faith-starved world is looking for something positive to fight for. If the United States does not take the lead in a militant crusade for democracy throughout the world, nobody else can.

And the American people may decide some day soon that — to paraphrase Georges Clemenceau — foreign policy is too important to be left to the generals.

MEMORANDUM FOR ETERNITY

BY CHARLES ANGOFF

The earth's furious spin
Will soon be spent,
And the fierce cold
Of infinite space
Will plunge all creation
To endless desolation.

Man's ludicrous stewardship
Of truth, faith, and goodness
Will explode into
Harsh nothingness.

But throughout
The insane void
The soft and distant
Bell of memory
Will be heard,
Echoing every betrayed hope
And final plea for mercy
From the cruel unreason
Of the cosmic tyranny.

THE THEATRE

by GEORGE JEAN NATHAN



TESTIMONIALS AND OBITUARIES

HEREWITH, pursuant to its annual custom, this department's nominations of relative merit and demerit for the American theatrical season of 1947-1948, beginning September first and ending May first.

MERITS

The best dramatic play: Robinson Jeffers' free rendering of the Greek classic, *Medea*. William Wister Haines' realistic play of the air forces in war, *Command Decision*, probably merits the position of runner-up.

The best foreign play: Denis Johnston's *The Old Lady Says "No!"*

The best musical show: *Make Mine Manhattan*, by Arnold B. Horwitt and Richard Lewine.

The best revival: The Katharine Cornell production of Shakespeare's *Antony and Cleopatra*.

The best male acting performance, dramatic: Godfrey Tearle as Antony, in *Antony and Cleopatra*.

The best female acting performance, dramatic: Judith Anderson, in *Medea*.

The best male acting performance, musical: Martyn Green, in the D'Oyly Carte Gilbert and Sullivan repertoire.

The best female acting performance, musical: Beatrice Lillie, in *Inside U.S.A.*

The best stage director, dramatic: Elia Kazan, in *A Streetcar Named Desire*, with Joshua Logan, in *Mister Roberts*, the contender.

The best stage director, musical: Hassard Short, in *Make Mine Manhattan*.

The best scene designer, dramatic: Jo Mielziner, in *A Streetcar Named Desire*.

The best scene designer, musical: Jo Mielziner, in *Allegro*.

The best costume designer: Leo Kerz in *Antony and Cleopatra*.

The best stage lighting, dramatic: Jo Mielziner, in *A Streetcar Named Desire*.

The best stage lighting, musical: Jo Mielziner, in *Allegro*.

The best novice actor's performance, dramatic: James Holden, in *Command Decision*.

The best novice actress' performance, dramatic: Meg Mundy, in *The Respectful Prostitute* and June Lockhart, in *For Love or Money*, close together at the top.

The best novice actor's performance, musical: John Conte, in *Allegro*.

The best novice actress' performance, musical: Martha Wright, in *Music in My Heart*.

The best youngster actor: Michael Newell, in *The Winslow Boy*.

The best youngster actress: Joan Lazer, in *Me and Molly*.

The best musical show composer: Richard Rodgers, in *Allegro*.

The best lyric writer: Arnold B. Horwitt, in *Make Mine Manhattan*.

The best orchestrations: Franz Steinger's, in *Music in My Heart*, of melodies by Tchaikovsky.

The best choreographer: Jerome Robbins, in *High Button Shoes*.

The best male diction: Maurice Evans, in *Man and Superman*.

The best female diction: Katharine Cornell, in *Antony and Cleopatra*.

The most amusing new scene, dramatic: That in *Strange Bedfellows* wherein the fashionable ladies of Nob Hill, San Francisco, entertain the madam of a red-light establishment unaware of her identity.

The most amusing sketch, musical: The skit called *Hollywood Heads East*, in *Make Mine Manhattan*, wherein the elegant and imperious movie director, Bruce Bigelow,

overhears an atmosphere extra, one Rappaport, mention the cloak and suit business, promptly drops his mask, and enters into a rapt discussion of it with him, in Yiddish dialect.

The best new bit of stage business, dramatic: That in *Our Lan'* when the white young Northern school-teacher, during the scene wherein the Negroes are suffering added trouble at the hands of the representatives of the Federal government, quietly leaves her place remote from them, crosses the stage, and silently seats herself among them.

The best character actor: Oscar Homolka, in *The Last Dance*.

The best character actress: Ethel Griffies, in *The Druid Circle*.

The best dramatic comedian: Hilton Edwards, in *John Bull's Other Island*, with Arthur Margetson, in *The Play's the Thing*, neck and neck.

The best dramatic comédienne: Gertrude Lawrence, in *Tonight at 8:30*.

The best musical show comedian: David Burns, in *Make Mine Manhattan*.

The best musical show comédienne: Beatrice Lillie, in *Inside U.S.A.*

The best new dramatic curtain: That to the last act of *A Streetcar Named Desire* when the heroine who has lost her reason is gently led away by the asylum agents, smilingly looks up at them, and allows that at last she is again among friends.

The best new song: The *Taftz* number in *Make Mine Manhattan*, about the food served in tea-room restaurants, such as chili con carne with marshmallow sauce, etc.

The actor with the greatest charm: Frank Allenby, in *The Winslow Boy*.

The best looking actress, dramatic: A toss-up among Jessica Tandy, in *A Streetcar Named Desire*, Meg Mundy, in *How I Wonder* and *The Respectful Prostitute*, Tilly Losch, in *Topaze*, June Lockhart, in *For Love or Money*, and another whom personal timidity restrains me from mentioning.

The best looking actress, musical: Glen Alyn, in *Under the Counter*.

The best subsidiary rôle actor, dramatic: Marlon Brando, in *A Streetcar Named Desire*, with Frank Allenby, in *The Winslow Boy*, the runner-up.

The best subsidiary rôle actress, dramatic: Doris Rich, in *Strange Bedfellows*.

The best subsidiary rôle actor, musical: Jack McCauley, in *High Button Shoes*.

The best subsidiary rôle actress, musical: Denise Findlay, in the D'Oyly Carte repertoire.

The most effective single costume: That worn by Tilly Losch in the first act of *Topaze*, designed by Audré.

The best general casting, dramatic: *Mister Roberts*.

The best general casting, musical: *High Button Shoes*.

The best of the Hollywood refugee actors, dramatic: Henry Fonda, in *Mister Roberts*.

The best of the Hollywood refugee actresses, dramatic: Jessica Tandy, in *A Streetcar Named Desire*.

The best of the Hollywood refugee actors, musical: Phil Silvers, in *High Button Shoes*.

The best of the Hollywood refugee actresses, musical: Roberta Jonay, in *Allegro*.

The actor who made the most of little: James Whitmore, in *Command Decision*.

The actress who made the most of little: Mildred Wall, in *The Hal-lams*.

The most promising of the newer actors: Marlon Brando, in *A Streetcar Named Desire*.

The most promising of the newer actresses: Meg Mundy, in *The Respectful Prostitute*.

The most promising of the newer actors, musical: Harold Lang, in *Look, Ma, I'm Dancin'*.

The most promising of the newer actresses, musical: Martha Wright, in *Music in My Heart*.

The best choreographic number: The Keystone cops ballet in *High Button Shoes*.

DEMERITS

The worst play: *Dr. Social*, by Joseph L. Estry, and *Trial Honeymoon*, by Conrad S. Smith, in a dead heat.

The worst musical show, *Under the Counter*, by Arthur Macrae, Manning Sherwin and Harold Purcell.

- The worst revival: The Eva LeGallienne production of Ibsen's *Ghosts*, with the Eva LeGallienne production of *Hedda Gabler* neck and neck.
- The worst male star acting performance, dramatic: Michael Redgrave, in the revival of *Macbeth*, with Oscar Karlweis, in the revival of *Topaze*, in a photo finish.
- The worst female star acting performance, dramatic: Eva LeGallienne in both *Ghosts* and *Hedda Gabler*.
- The worst male lead acting performance, musical: Ballard Berkeley, in *Under the Counter*.
- The worst female lead acting performance, musical: Cecily Courtneidge, in *Under the Counter*.
- The poorest performance by a supporting actor, dramatic: Elliott Reid, in *Macbeth*.
- The poorest performance by a supporting actress, dramatic: Lenore Ulric, in *Antony and Cleopatra*.
- The poorest performance by a supporting actor, musical: Robert Carroll, in *Music in My Heart*.
- The poorest performance by a supporting actress, musical: Alice Pearce, in *Look, Ma, I'm Dancin'*.
- The worst ensemble performance: Aside from such obvious turkeys as *The Men We Marry*, *Dr. Social*, *Trial Honeymoon*, *The Rats of Norway* and the like, that of *Crime and Punishment*, with *Topaze*, the runner-up.
- The worst stage director: Coby Ruskin, in *Kathleen*.
- The worst stage settings, dramatic: *John Bull's Other Island*.
- The worst stage settings, musical: *Under the Counter*.
- The worst costumes, dramatic: *Dear Judas*.
- The worst costumes, musical: *Under the Counter*.
- The worst stage lighting, dramatic: *The Rats of Norway*.
- The worst stage lighting, musical: *Under the Counter*.
- The worst score: *Under the Counter*.
- The worst lyrics: *Under the Counter*.
- The most miscast actor: Ferdi Hoffman as Christ, in *Dear Judas*.
- The most miscast actress: Jeanne Stuart, in *The Rats of Norway*.
- The poorest performance by a Hollywood actor: John Loder, in *For Love or Money*.
- The poorest performance by a Hollywood actress: Jeanne Stuart, in *The Rats of Norway*.
- The worst performance by a novice, male: Mark O'Daniels, in *For Love or Money*.
- The worst performance by a novice, female: Mae Questel, in *Dr. Social*.
- The worst play title: *Dr. Social*.
- The worst actor mugger: Philip Loeb, in *Me and Molly*.
- The worst actress mugger: Elisabeth Bergner, in *The Cup of Trembling*.
- The actor who made the most noise: Herbert Berghof, in *Ghosts*.
- The actress who made the most noise: Joan Newell, in *Power without Glory*.
- The worst line of dialogue, dramatic: "The only reason he enlisted in the Army was that he hoped they'd send him to the Virgin Islands";

"I was never a bride, but I was always maid"; or "Marrying a dame is like choosing a book — why buy one when you can borrow one?" — take your pick — all in *Trial Honeymoon*.

The worst line of dialogue, musical: "Crops are bad this year" — "I wouldn't know; I never shot crops," in *High Button Shoes*.

The worst plot: *This Time Tomorrow*, by Jan de Hartog.

The worst experimental play and production: *A Temporary Island*, by Halsted Welles.

The most boring rôle: The metaphysical college professor in Donald Ogden Stewart's *How I Wonder*, played by Raymond Massey. Runner-up: Any rôle in *This Time Tomorrow*, or any in *The Cup of Trembling*.

The most disappointing play: John van Druten's *The Druid Circle*, with Rose Franken's *The Hallams* the contender.

The most disappointing musical: Oscar Hammerstein's and Richard Rodgers' *Allegro*.

The most ridiculous character: The heroine of *This Time Tomorrow* who had died once, was inscrutably reprieved, and then died again when, though a nymphomaniac, her lover bestowed a too passionate kiss upon her.

The critically most overpraised play: *The Respectful Prostitute*, by Jean-Paul Sartre.

The critically most overpraised actor: Richard Basehart, in *The Survivors*.

The critically most overpraised actress: Beatrice Straight, in *Eastward in Eden*.

The sickliest sentiment: The scrim curtain dream sequence in *Eastward in Eden*.

The worst single costume: That worn by Jessie Royce Landis in the first act of the adaptation from Strindberg called *The Last Dance*.

The worst overplaying, male: Herbert Berghof, in *Ghosts*.

The worst overplaying, female: Joan Newell, in *Power without Glory*, with Elisabeth Bergner, in *The Cup of Trembling*, nose and nose.

The worst classical actor: Michael Redgrave, in *Macbeth*.

The worst classical actress: Lenore Ulric, as Charmian, in *Antony and Cleopatra*.

The worst example of pretentious writing: *How I Wonder*.

The most nonsensical scene: That in *The Respectful Prostitute* in which the Southern senator lectures the whore on ethics and morals.

The actor most enchanted by himself: Paul McGrath, in *Command Decision*.

The actress most enchanted by herself: Jeanne Stuart, in *The Rats of Norway*.

The poorest stage direction by a director of reputation: Peter Ashmore, in *You Never Can Tell*.

The worst juvenile performance: Walter Starkey, in *The Druid Circle*.

The worst ingénue performance: Margaret Feury, in *Me and Molly*.

The worst character actor: Sam Jaffe, in *This Time Tomorrow*.

The worst character actress: Gertrude Berg, in *Me and Molly*.

The worst makeup: That worn by

Ruth Ford in *This Time Tomorrow*, which made her face look as if it had been dipped in a quart mixture of tomato juice and white-wash.

HE HAD A DREAM

BY LILLIAN EVERTS

He worked so hard at being actual,
there was no time for the pleasurable treasure of surprise.
One night he had a dream:
He was on the edge of a cliff with the dividing line so fine,
before he knew what not to or to do,
he was in a field of flowers
concerned with unwinding hours .
(without design to weave them into,
or sign of how to wind them back . . .)
where — without intent, without decorum —
he found himself at the head of a quorum of butterflies
humming and summing up his pedigree . . .

On waking, the surprise of so inconsistent a dream
was such a shock, was so intense, —
he took stock of his better sense,
pulled down his blind,
shut his mind,
bolted his lock,
unwound his clock, —
and dropped dead on the spot.

TRIUMPH

A STORY

BY ALICE BEAL PARSONS

IT WAS snowing. It had been snowing off and on all month. The white soft stuff was piled so high on the roof of Jenny Naylor's cabin that it hung down over the eaves and even over the windows. From the single room inside it looked like a ruffled valance.

Jenny wouldn't have called it this. She had never been inside a house with curtains. She had never been inside any substantial building except Our Lady's Hospital at Ramapo Pond the time them busybodies had come ploughing up the mountain to take her and William down the long trail on stretchers. How pleased with themselves them men had been to think they'd managed to reach the cabin. How they'd bragged about the big to-do they'd made, driving a tractor through the drifted unbroken snow to the highest point of Echo Road and then leaving it there and setting off on skis up the long ascent. They'd seemed to think it was a wonderful thing for grown men to be able to climb the mountain. They made her smile. She and William could climb it any day, snow or no snow,

without thinking twice about it. Them townsmen hadn't looked much beside William. William who was tall and handsome and held his head high. Anyone could have guessed to look at him that he was the great great grandson of an English lord. And who were they? God knew. Eyetalians, lots of them, Greeks, Finns, Russians, Germans.

Jenny drew the dingy comfortable in which she was wrapped more closely about her old bent shoulders, and hitched her chair closer to the iron stove. She sighed. No man could live forever. Not even William. She missed him. But They were crazy if They thought she'd leave the home he and she had built with their own hands and had lived in together fifty, sixty years. Jenny wasn't sure just how many years she and William had lived in it together. It seemed all of life, and yet she could remember when she had been a girl and had first seen William.

It had been long before them people down in the towns had bothered their heads about the mountain folk

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who had been living in caves and cabins before ever the towns were built. The mountain folks' fathers and grandfathers and great grandfathers before them had lived right here, not like them people in the towns who'd only lately come over from Italy or Germany or what not, and didn't understand anything at all. She had first seen William long before busybodies had come into the mountains and started persuading folk to leave. Coming year in, year out, bringing doctors, nurses, people who called themselves social workers, though God alone knew what social workers might be, they'd persuaded over a thousand mountain dwellers to move down into the soot-grimed valleys where smoke-belching factories fouled the air. With fine words they'd persuaded young men and girls to leave the free air of the hills and let themselves be harnessed to greasy black machines. But they hadn't persuaded William. She remembered how he'd smiled when the busybodies tried to lure him down. It was his smile, and the high way he held his head that had made her thoughts keep turning to him.

Jenny wasn't William's wife. The descendant of an English lord couldn't be expected to marry a girl who was part Indian, part Negro and whose first known ancestor had been a Hessian soldier. The community called her William's housekeeper, a euphemism, though Jenny didn't know it, in the fine old tradition of English Lords. And how William's sister

Sarah had looked down on Jenny Naylor! Well, much good her looking down had done her. Jenny had been the victor in their youthful feud. Jenny had taken William away from his high and mighty sister. And she'd kept him away for fifty, or was it sixty years. For all those years William hadn't once crossed his sister's threshold, though Sarah was their nearest neighbor, living only three quarters of a mile away further uphill. For all those years, William hadn't once spoken to his high and mighty sister.

Triumph flooded warmly through Jenny Naylor and flushed her withered cheeks. She got stiffly to her feet and peered through a snow-blurred window. Outside, small fine flakes whirled as determinedly as if they hadn't been keeping it up for a month or more. There was nothing to be seen but the close-pressed ranks of tall trees and the flakes whirling whitely about them. This was the view William had loved. No buildings or other signs of human trespass. No far-off horizons to disturb the heart. Just the familiar, close-pressing trees. Jenny stood looking at the whirling flakes until she was dizzy. When she was dizzy it seemed to her that she saw figures moving, far off, where trees and flakes merged in indistinguishable grayness. This was foolishness, of course. No figures ever came here but William's sister Sarah and her husband, that sad Jim Tate drifting along in the forest shadows, and after Jim's death, Sarah alone. Except, of course,

that time the rescue party had come skiing up to Jenny's cabin last winter and had taken her and William down the mountain on stretchers.

It was true that their food had been almost gone and that they had been burning the last of the wood in the cabin when the party had arrived. William had broken his leg and hadn't been able to make his monthly trip down the mountain for supplies, or to go out and chop wood for the stove, and she had been in bed with a choking sort of cold that the doctor at the hospital called pneumonia. It was true that human care and warmth, food and shelter had seemed good to her and William that first week in the hospital. But the men who took them down the mountain had been crazy to think that mountain folk would be content to stay in a town once they were well again. The men who wrote the newspapers she had spelled out triumphantly to the nurses to prove she could read, those men who had written about what they called the "rescue," had been crazy. The minute she and William were well enough they had left the hospital. She remembered how they stood a moment on the broad steps, joyfully sniffing the cold early March air. Then they had walked out of the town past the clumsy too big houses that all looked so much alike. They stopped at Onderdonck's store for supplies and started up the mountain again. She remembered how hard the climb had been for them. They had been weaker than they thought. Sweat had

kept breaking out on William's face and they had rested often. But it had been worth the pain and toil to get home again, to see the familiar landmarks, the two birches growing out of an old locust stump, the big black boulders that were said to have fallen from the sky, their own cabin.

Jenny brushed her hands across her eyes and the figures were gone.

II

She turned from the window and went back to her chair by the stove. William had made the chair as he had made all the other furniture in the room except the stove, and as he had woven the baskets for which he was famous. On his monthly trips down the mountain he carried the baskets to sell in exchange for the goods they needed.

Down at the hospital they had jibbered about loneliness. Aren't you two lonely away off on the mountain up there? they had asked. She had hardly been able to keep herself from answering, aren't you lonely away off, down in the valley here? But William had motioned to her not to speak. Lonely, she and William, with all their things about them and with all they had to do, the wood to chop, their clothes to make and mend, the food to shoot and grow and cook, the baskets to weave, the house to tinker. There was always something happening on the mountain — the squirrels running up with their saucy ways, the birds they fed in snowy months like this. William was a great one for

taming things. The wildest squirrel would eat out of his hands in a week or two. And his favorite cardinal would watch with his head on one side, no more afraid of William than he was of the squirrel. And suppose they ever had had time to be lonely. There was always the little plateau where the mountain trails met and the mountain folk gathered to pass the time of day.

Lonely! She had never even thought of being lonely while William was alive. Now that he was dead, she was lonely for him, but not lonely in any other way. She had her thoughts thronging through her head. Isolated people have more time for thoughts than those who are always brushing up against neighbors. They often live more intensely, as their eyes, that look brilliantly strange to people in the towns, bear witness. Even the eyes of the children of isolated people have this brilliant strangeness in them. Jenny and William had had time for many thoughts and feelings. They hadn't expressed these feelings in words, but the feelings had been there, keeping them company on the mountainside.

Busy people who live in towns and cities sometimes try to run away from all the things that distract their sense of themselves and their thinking. They go to lonely places in the mountains or on the seashore, or, if they are religious, they go into retreat. Jenny and William had never heard the word retreat in its contemplative sense. They'd never felt it

necessary to run away in order to be themselves. Their sense of themselves was always lively in them, undispersed, uninvaded by alien elements, just as an animal's sense of itself, say a squirrel's or a deer's is always lively in it, and undispersed. Imagine a squirrel or a deer being lonely! Jenny wished she had thought to say this to those silly people down at the hospital. But of course she hadn't thought of it. She wasn't one to talk much, no more than William had been. Her lively feelings and her shadowy thoughts seldom took form in as concrete a way as this metaphor about the squirrel or the deer.

III

A sharp crack sounded nearby. A tree, Jenny thought. The wind has brought down another tree. She listened acutely. Yes, the wind was getting up, beginning to howl. If it kept up like that, it would whip this snowstorm into a blizzard. Jenny looked at the dwindling supply of chopped logs in a rough wooden box beside the stove. Perhaps she'd better go out and chop some more before the storm grew wilder. The thought made her almost feel the fine hard snow pellets that would sting her face like buckshot. It would be foolish for her to brave them if the storm abated. It would be precaution against cold or possible death if it continued long. Jenny poked two more sticks into the iron stove and rejoiced to hear their cheerful crackle. She drew the dirty comfortable

closer as she asked herself again, should she go out into the storm or shouldn't she?

The fresh sticks sent out a pleasant glow. Her numb and frost-swollen feet began to thaw a little. She remembered how William used to look when he came in with an armful of logs, stamping his home-made leather boots to rid them of snow, and bringing the fresh cold air in with him. He was a tidy man. Housekeeper indeed! A man like William who could do everything himself didn't need a housekeeper. He and she had often smiled together at the notion. She did cook and make up their bed and sweep the cabin. But he could do all these things better than she could, when he was a mind to, and when it came to making baskets, he didn't have an equal on the mountain. What William had needed wasn't a housekeeper but a woman. And even more than he'd needed a woman, he'd needed a companion, someone to share his thoughts and feelings with him, without a call to talk about them either. Someone whose mind was as thronged with thoughts and feelings as his own.

Thinking of William, and somewhat warmed, Jenny grew drowsy. William had often smiled at her tenderly because she loved to grow drowsy in this way, not quite asleep, not quite awake, not purposely thinking, but carried along passively on a flood of sensation. She sat in the chair William had made, luxuriating in drowsiness, as a cat luxuriates beside a fire.

Time ceased to be a thing marked off into minutes and hours. It became a boundless flood without beginning or end. Sometimes, without knowing it, Jenny reached out and put another stick on the fire, then sank even deeper into her dreams.

Suddenly a great noise seemed to beat upon her head. She stumbled quickly to her feet, then stood silent, listening. It came again. But fully conscious now, she realized it was only a knocking at her door. So she had been right after all when she had thought she saw figures drifting between the trees. Could it be that them busybodies from the town, far below, had come struggling up the mountain again to take her away? If they had, she'd give them a piece of her mind. She'd say to them all the things William hadn't let her say before.

"Hi there, Jenny, are you deaf?" a man's voice shouted. "Open up, can't you? We can't stand shivering here forever!"

She opened the door, her face already frowning with the things she meant to say. As she had expected, there was a little group out there, half veiled from her by the driving snow. And sure enough they had a stretcher.

"If you think," she was beginning, and then she saw something on the stretcher more bulky than the pile of blankets, something under the blankets.

"We thought you'd like to see her one last time," the man who had

knocked was saying awkwardly. "Your sister Sarah is 'dead. We thought you'd like to say goodbye to her."

Jenny's frown grew blacker. So them busybodies thought that, did they? As if they knew anything about it! No one who lived on the mountain would make a mistake like that. The mountain folk knew what she thought of Sarah and why she thought it. They knew that Sarah had tried to come between her and William. They knew the names she'd called Sarah, and the names Sarah had called her. They knew that the time the lightning struck the first cabin William had built for her and fire had wiped it out in half an hour, destroying everything they had, Sarah had offered William shelter, but had said she wouldn't have Jenny under her roof. They knew that William and Jenny had slept under a lean-to formed by two large branches and her petticoat, until the new cabin was built.

"Didn't you hear me?" the man shouted into Jenny's frowning face. "Your sister Sarah is dead. We thought you'd like to say goodbye to her before we take her down the mountain."

Jenny put her swollen chapped hands on her hips, and braced herself in the doorway.

"I ain't no call to say goodbye to

her," she said. "I didn't talk to her while she was living. Why should I talk to her when she's dead?"

She slammed the door shut and went back to her chair.

"Great jumping Jehosaphat!" she heard a voice exclaim. "Did you ever hear the like of that? What the hell do you think of that?"

Jenny put another stick in the fire. The open door had cooled the cabin, and her wood almost gone! But of course them busybodies wouldn't give a thought to that.

Something darkened one of her two windows. She turned and saw a face staring in at her.

Look all you like, she said to herself, shrugging the comfortable more closely about her shoulders. What do you know about it?

The face disappeared. The voices faded away in the storm. For a moment Jenny's mind followed Sarah on her last trip down the mountain, imagining the figures with their burden pressing through the whirling snow between the trees. High and mighty as she was, Sarah had died before William's housekeeper. But Jenny's mind didn't follow the little procession long. It returned to the cabin. Soon, all soul alone in this part of the mountain now, she was drowsing happily again, and William was poking gentle fun at her.



THE AURORA COMMUNISTS

BY STEWART H. HOLBROOK

THERE was one train of covered wagons that crossed the bloody plains and mountains of the Oregon Trail in complete safety. No arrow, no bullet, nor even a theft was directed against the caravan of the German communists who took off from Bethel, Missouri, on the glad twenty-third day of May, 1855, and arrived, almost six months later, on the shore of the Pacific, unscathed and with nothing but good to say of the Indians who had been harassing and massacring other wagon trains.

The perfect immunity of the communist train was no miracle fetched by Providence. It had been achieved by bewhiskered William Keil, the communist leader, a man who in no circumstances needed a Marx or a Fourier to tell him what to do. At the head of the train of 34 great wagons, Keil, in a stroke of genius, placed a home-made hearse in which, carefully preserved in Golden Rule Whisky, was the body of his son Willie. No flanking riflemen ever awed the enemies of a column of Western pioneers half so well as the remains of little Willie. His grave in the Oregon country deserves better attention than it has been getting in recent years.

These first communists to cross the

plains were not followers of Karl Marx, and, of course, they had nothing in common with any of the modern Communist movements. Nor did their philosophy stem from Charles Fourier, whose Phalanx scheme of communal life had already been tried at Brook Farm, Massachusetts, and in New Jersey, Ohio and Wisconsin. They were mostly disgruntled Rap-pites, whom Keil had persuaded to follow the special kind of Christian communism he had invented.

Keil was admirably equipped to weld his fellow-Germans into a tight group able to brave the many dangers of the American West and to found a colony which persevered until time had removed all need for it. He was a Prussian, born in 1812, who emigrated to the United States in 1831, well ahead of the high tide of German immigration. Six feet tall, of rugged build and great strength, he had deep-set blue eyes that took in any situation immediately, and seemed either as cool as ice or burning with heat, according to the circumstance. He wore a fringe type of beard, the kind later adopted and made famous by Horace Greeley.

His early years seem to have been rather restless. He had been reared in the Lutheran faith, but while still

a youth he became enmeshed in the occult sciences, including necromancy and mesmerism. After arriving in the United States, Keil worked as a journeyman tailor and later established his own shop in New York City. In 1838 he turned up in Pittsburgh with his own small drugstore. Here he compounded drugs and experimented with various formulae supposed to ensure life everlasting. He also practiced medicine, for which he had no training.

One day a great light beat upon William Keil and he joined a church of German Methodists. He gave up his devilish brews and, in a formal and dramatic ceremony, burned a "secret book of mystic symbols and formulae written in human blood." He vowed to devote his life to evangelical Methodism. This, however, did not turn out to be what he wanted. Next, he began to study the methods of the Rappites, followers of George Rapp, also a German, who had founded colonies of religious immigrants at Harmony, Indiana and Economy, Pennsylvania. The Rappites, like so many sects, had undergone schisms. A part of the Economy branch of Rappites was ready for a new prophet when William Keil turned up with the idea of establishing a Christian community somewhere in the West.

II

The forties were an era of experiment in the United States. Communal living was a part of the yeasting, and

many groups, religious and secular, were trying it. The Perfectionists were beginning to boil and bubble in Vermont and New York. The various Shaker villages had been successful for many years. Swedish communities were about to settle in Illinois. The Zoar Separatists — all Germans — had but recently received 500 new immigrants from the Old Country to their community in Ohio. A group of advanced intellectuals were playing farmer at Brook Farm.

William Keil was an uneducated man but a dynamic speaker and person. He talked to the now-leaderless Rappites, lost and looking for a Moses, and some 200 of them joined him and his personal followers. Dr. Keil, as he was called, acted swiftly. He made a small payment on 6300 acres of land in Shelby and Adair counties, in Missouri, and led the group there in 1844. He named the settlement Bethel and laid down the rules of community government. All property was communally owned, though the titles to the land were in Keil's name. Marriage was permitted, at least in the beginning. Each worked according to his abilities, and everyone had to work; the children were trained in various crafts. Keil was the one and only leader, though he often asked for counsel and sometimes even acted on it.

The Bethel colonists were thrifty and industrious. Up went their houses, up went their sawmills, gristmills and a distillery. What they could not use they sold, and all of their products

quickly gained a reputation of excellence. They seem to have been wine, not whisky, drinkers, and the large surplus of their Golden Rule corn spirits achieved a notable reputation in whisky-drinking Missouri. They set up their own schools, blacksmith shops, and a store where colonists got what they wanted without any questions. No cash exchanged hands, no charges were made. The Bethelites made fine boots and shoes which got to be in great demand. They wove woolen cloth. A few dissidents left the colony occasionally, but there were no hard feelings. Bethel — and Aurora later — was never troubled by the lawsuits which shook more than one such community to pieces.

So, Bethel worked like a beehive and prospered. The colonists kept pretty much to themselves, except for actual commerce, and they seem not to have irritated the Missourians as the Mormons did their neighbors.

Missouri in the forties was the jumping-off place for the Oregon country, and after 1848 also for the gold fields of California. The equipping of wagon trains was a big local business. The Bethel artisans went into the business of making the big wagons and, like all of their merchandise, the wagons were honest goods. They were sold as fast as they could be made.

Some of the Oregon Fever must have got into the souls of the Christian communists of Bethel. At least, it attacked Dr. Keil. He had observed that Missouri was rapidly filling up;

Bethel colony itself had grown to almost 1000 persons. Buying new land would be costly. In 1853 Dr. Keil felt the time had come to move a part of his flock into a New Canaan, which, he figured, could well be the Oregon country.

Keil dispatched a party of nine to scout the possibilities. They found a likely location on the Willapa River in what is now southwest Washington. Seven of the advance party remained to make a clearing and build houses. The other two scouts returned to Bethel to report to their leader.

Dr. Keil listened and made up his mind to move. The entire colony turned to in a prodigious effort to prepare for the exodus. Some 250 elected to go; the others were to remain and carry on at Bethel as before. And in May of 1855 the 34 covered wagons, packed to overflowing, were ready. Young Willie Keil, son of the prophet, was to have driven one of the teams. He died just before the time for leaving, and perhaps by dying saved many, and possibly all, of the lives of the trekking colonists.

Willie's body, as already related, was put into a metal-lined coffin, covered with the one preservative close at hand — Golden Rule Whisky — and sealed. The coffin was placed in a long wagon, covered on top, open at the sides, and given the place at the head of the column.

The long train moved out of Bethel with the emigrants singing, accompanied for many miles by the stay-at-

homes. At St. Joseph, the last outpost of civilization, the column was ferried across the Missouri. Ahead of them lay 2000 miles of desert and mountain.

III

The migrants had scarcely passed the Big Muddy when they met several wagon trains moving eastward. The colonists were advised that the Sioux and other plains tribes were out in force, determined to stop once and for all the invasion of their hunting grounds.

Whether or not the communists were given pause by these omens, they had no discernible effect on Dr. Keil. "The Lord will guide and preserve us," he said, and the column moved on, singing a none-too-happy song, *Das Grab ist tief und Stille*, which Keil had composed for the occasion of Willie's funeral.

They reached Fort Kearney on June 18, stopped briefly, then moved on. They were halted a few days later by a small party of Sioux horsemen, who had apparently come not to raid but to inspect the strange wagon at the head of the column. By a few words and many gestures the Sioux indicated their conviction that the hearse was very strong medicine indeed. They also knew about the singing and wanted to hear some of it. The colonists responded with Luther's hymn, *Ein' feste Burg ist unser Gott*, and a group of old folk songs including the rollicking *O du lieber Augustin*. The Sioux were en-

tranced and asked for an encore, which was given. Then the Indians' leader made a gesture of thanks, and the band rode off.

When they reached Fort Laramie the commandant there strongly opposed the emigrants' going farther. He related stories of horrible massacres of whole wagon trains in recent months, and said that Keil's party should return to Bethel, or should at least camp near the fort and winter there. "The Lord," replied Dr. Keil with all the force of an Old Testament prophet, "will watch over His own." The train moved on, singing.

Along the Laramie River, encamped for the night, the party was visited again by Sioux, this time a huge band of hunters. They appeared to know about the weird wagon with the dead man, and also about the singing. The colonists sang for them and the Indians sat silent and obviously charmed. They had never heard anything like it before, and doubtless never heard the like again. After commenting favorably on the hearse and the music, the Sioux rode away. Other bands of Indians visited the column and showed only friendship and intense interest. In the Green River country, where the trail grew dim for many miles, two Sioux hunters left their own party and spent several days with the colonists, guiding them over the difficult terrain.

As the Keil party approached the Oregon region, more tales of depredations and massacres were heard, this time in connection with the

Cayuse and Yamika tribes. Something like a genuine and sustained war was being waged against the white settlers. At this period it began to look as if the party might have serious trouble, especially after one night when several of their cows disappeared. But riders were sent out the next day and they came across a band of Indians who were driving the missing cattle, not away, but patiently toward the Keil encampment. The animals had strayed and the Indians were taking them back.

In September the colonists were crossing Idaho. In October they reached the Columbia. In November they reached their goal on the Willapa River, where they found that the advance party had worked wonders in clearing the forest and putting up cabins. Dr. Keil gave thanks to the Lord. Then funeral services for Willie were held and the body interred.

Dr. Keil was not too well pleased with the new site. It rained almost every day and night. There were fogs. The place was in an immense forest of big timber, and it was isolated from Portland, the chief city of the region. The doctor immediately sent out scouts to find a better location. He himself went to Portland to practice medicine during the winter. His scouts eventually reported an ideal spot, 28 miles south of Portland in the lush Willamette Valley. Dr. Keil went to see it and he called it good, naming it Aurora for one of his daughters. In the spring the land was purchased and the colonists moved there.

IV

Aurora was to be a happy and prosperous settlement. In addition to their sawmill, gristmill and distillery, the colonists made beds, looms and other furniture to be sold; and candlesticks, spoons, gloves and woolen braid for trimming dresses. They organized two bands and made their own instruments; they also manufactured horns for sale. A colonist named Henry G. Ehlen made clarinet reeds so good that demands for them were presently coming from California and later from many eastern cities.

The two Aurora bands were the talk of Oregon. Directed by Conrad Finck, a German of sound musical education, they were in demand for concerts throughout the state. When Ben Holladay, the pioneer railroad builder, wanted music for some spike-driving or first-train festivities, he engaged an Aurora band. (The Director's son, Henry T. Finck, went to Harvard from Aurora, and later became the music critic of the *New York Post*.)

Except for music, however, the colony had little time for cultural activities. Keil did not encourage them. The little school taught elementary subjects, all in German, and little else. But the colony cooking was wonderful, and travelers made it a point to stop overnight at the Aurora hotel, which was open to all.

Keil was, of course, an autocrat. Although he fathered nine children himself, he urged celibacy. He per-

mitted some marriages, but forbade others, and no marriage whatever was permitted except between members of the colony. Often Keil forced married couples to live for years with the parents of one or the other spouse before he would sanction the building of a separate house. Single members were more economical; they could be housed and fed in the community shelter.

Although Keil's leadership, or autocracy, was more intelligent than that of many other religious communities, it retarded intellectual progress and must also have hampered the development of individual self-reliance. In the end Keil found that his powers were limited by events beyond his control. He could do nothing about the rapidly expanding railroads or the steadily increasing number of "gentiles" around Aurora.

Worse things began to happen: Now and then an Aurora maiden disappeared from the colony, to turn up a day or so later as the bride of some outside youth. Young men of the colony were running away, to work elsewhere and to marry outsiders. The English language invaded the citadel; by the mid-seventies the younger colonists were using it in preference to German. The old people fretted, but there was not much they could do. And then, on December 30, 1877, Dr. Keil proved that he had been unable to find a formula for eternal life. He died suddenly, and for a month the colony was too numbed to work.

Andrew Geisy, who had acted as Keil's deputy back in Bethel and who was generally assumed to be the crown prince, had no desire to take Keil's place at Aurora. No one, apparently, had ever been trained or even considered by Keil as his successor. The Bethel-Aurora communities, 2000 miles apart but both held in Keil's name, were liquidated in the Federal courts, and so far as any outsiders ever knew, to the satisfaction of all concerned. At least no lawsuits were brought; and the colonists presented a handsome silver bowl, suitably inscribed, to Judge Matthew P. Deady, for his wise counsel in the liquidation procedures.

There are today in Oregon a number of aging men and women who were born in Aurora while Keil lived. They speak well of the colony, although two of them told the writer that the place had become an anachronism long before it was discontinued. It had simply outlived its need. The youngsters wanted to be Americans, not members of an eccentric sect of foreign-speaking "Dutchmen."

A few of the old colony houses survive, and so does the Aurora post office. German names cling to the neighborhood. But Aurora's finest legacy, perhaps, are the fine old German recipes — *kartoffel klösse*, *ziefännkuchen*, a special kind of *kaffee-kuchen*, and some wonderful things done to cabbage and apples. It may not be much, this heritage, but I think Brook Farm left less.

THE SOAP BOX



EDITORIAL NOTES

Shop Talk. Almost from the day the January issue of THE AMERICAN MERCURY with Melanie Pflaum's article, "Franco's Spain," appeared on the stands, we have been getting huge batches of ill-tempered and sometimes anonymous communications denouncing us for daring to print any criticism whatever of the current state of affairs in that unhappy land. Virtually none of the correspondents has challenged the facts in Mrs. Pflaum's article, but many have hinted at dark influences in the office working against the generalissimo. . . . It all reminds us of the times when we dared print criticisms of the manner in which the late Benito Mussolini was running his unfortunate country. Some excited correspondents charged that we were conspiring with all anti-Christian forces to keep the people of Italy from enjoying more of Il Duce's miraculous works. . . . THE AMERICAN MERCURY was read in the Italian underground in those bitter days, as it is read in the Spanish underground now. Totalitarian saints, we are glad to say, have

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always found the MERCURY embarrassing. Messrs. Franco and Perón are not among our most devoted readers, and neither are Messrs. Stalin or Tito. Hitler didn't like us either. Indeed, Dr. Joseph Goebbels, the Fuehrer's Minister of Propaganda and Enlightenment, spotted us at the very beginning. He banned the MERCURY from Germany in May 1934, for printing the excellent article, "Germany Sinks Into Slavery," by S. Miles Bouton. We were the first American magazine to be banned by Dr. Goebbels. In this fact we take great pride. . . . The office statistician points out that the average age level of our contributors the past few years has gone up about eight years, and that the same apparently has been true for other general magazines. According to his *ad interim* tabulations the average age of general magazine contributors is now in the early forties, whereas it used to be in the mid-thirties. Does this tie up with the increase in the number of middle-aged and old people? Does it mean the collapse of the youth movements we have been hearing so much about the past few

years? Frankly, we don't know. We leave those questions to the consideration of the actuarial authorities. . . .

An aspiring author, who seems to have the wherewithal to travel about the country and stay at higher-priced hotels, has been deluging us with one-page poems bound in magnificent folders, solemnly beribboned, in a manner that would make the chief of protocol of a nation's foreign office green with envy. Unfortunately, we have not been able to avail ourselves of any of the works so magnificently encased. Indeed, it is almost a rule in magazine offices that the fancier a manuscript's dress, the less worthy it is. Good, solid, usable scripts usually come into an editorial office on rubber tires, so to speak: neatly and simply typed, with a stamped return envelope, and without any irrelevant accompanying letter, relating the high opinions of the manuscript expressed by the author's friends. . . . Strangely enough, there are still some beginning writers who think that "knowing a friend of an editor" or possessing other forms of "pull" helps to get a manuscript into a magazine. Nothing could be farther from the truth. Editors generally discount the recommendation of an author's friend on the suspicion — editors are a suspicious lot — that the friend was in one way or another "blackmailed" into saying his piece. Besides, editors like to discover pearls of great price by themselves . . . and there is far more fun in pouncing upon a masterpiece cold, in the morning mail, than

in being told about it beforehand. There are few such masterpieces. Generally there are only two or three in an editor's lifetime, but they are worth waiting for.



The recent complaint made in this place that we have received strangely few manuscripts from the sovereign state of Wyoming (whose state flower is the Indian paintbrush, and which, alas, ranks forty-seventh in population) has brought forth about a dozen pieces of writing, not one of which, unfortunately, we could use. We insist that there is respectable writing talent among the more than 250,000 free and independent residents of Wyoming, and we confidently await confirmation of our belief.



We present the following facts for all budding short-story writers by way of encouragement. From July 1947 up to and including June 1948 we printed eleven short stories, and of these four were firsts: "Whose Little Boy Are You?", by David Westheimer, July 1947; "The Last-Borned," by James McAdory, February 1948; "The Wind is Blind," by James Wesley Ingles, April 1948; and "Ellie Newcomb," by Carol Kemerer Edwards, June 1948. Mr. Ingles' story, we are happy to report, has been selected for the forthcoming O. Henry collection of best American short stories. For a magazine that generally prints only one story a month (and

sometimes none at all), this is clearly a record in which we can take pride. . . . We hope short-story writers, especially beginners, take the hint.

NAMES

There is a Buffalo, N. Y., and I believe there are Buffalos in other states. Why, then, are there no Giraffes, Cockroaches, Elephants, Muskrats, etc.? Then, to become a bit more delicate and romantic, why has no commonwealth in this great democracy thought enough of the place of sex in American, nay, world life, to name a city after it? Sex, Oklahoma, or Wyoming, or California, or any other state, would be only right and proper. Ditto for Matrimony. Ditto, it seems to me, for Adultery, which is also a fact of our national, nay, world life. I'm against avoiding facts. I'm for looking facts straight in the face.

JAMES W. O. SWIFT

Youngstown, O.

BASEBALL AND DEMOCRACY

I noticed in the papers the other day that an Army colonel in Germany had suggested that we instruct the Germans in the advantages of American democracy by teaching them baseball. This proposal pops up in one form or another every couple of months; and references to it in the press are usually accompanied by photographs of American athletic directors umpiring a game between

two teams of enthusiastic, and presumably democratized, *Hitlerjugend*.

I am an old baseball fan, who has been suffering with the Cleveland Indians for many years, but the suggestion irritates me. And to those who would reform the world and provide peace everlasting through baseball, I should like to offer several comments: (1) Prior to the second World War, the only nation outside the Western Hemisphere which had adopted baseball to any great extent was Japan. I don't say that this was what caused Pearl Harbor, but it apparently didn't prevent it. (2) The mentality of the ball player is what Thorstein Veblen aptly called "predatory." Anyone who has ever played baseball on anything above the sandlot level — and I played in college and as a semi-professional — knows that players are taught from the beginning to practice every form of fraud, deception and foul play that they can get away with. Attempts to deceive the umpire when the play goes against you, and to intimidate him into changing his mind when you are caught, are likewise considered normal. The ethic of the ball player is not much different from that of the card sharp, which is why as many as four umpires are sometimes necessary to keep professional games from deteriorating into riots. (3) The intense spirit of partisanship engendered by baseball, especially Major League ball, is a divisive rather than a unifying force in modern society. The Byzantine Empire,

it will be recalled, was shaken to its foundations in the seventh century by riots originating in the Circus at Constantinople. Baseball has admittedly not yet reached the stage where it threatens the Republic, but anyone who has ever seen the hysteria of a baseball mob in modern America knows that the potentialities for civil chaos are there. (4) It is said that baseball promotes team play. True enough, but what has that got to do with democracy? It takes team play to rob a bank too. (5) It is also said that baseball is a good influence on our youth. The people who say this have apparently never heard of baseball pools (which exist in every school), of the Black Sox scandal or of Ring Lardner's *You Know Me Al*.

Why not teach the Germans to play lacrosse? It might not make democrats of them, but it would probably maim and kill enough of them to prevent the Reich from ever again becoming a military threat.

HOWARD Y. HERMAN

Cleveland, O.

STATE CAPITALS

I am not familiar with the histories of the various American state capitals, but it is becoming increasingly obvious that we have picked the wrong cities to be capitals. It is, after all, only proper that the city in each state with the greatest population, industry, commerce and general social activity should be the capital; any other system means that the affairs of

the state will be dispersed, and that a vast amount of unnecessary mail, travel and telephoning takes place.

In the United States today, virtually none of our great cities is a state capital. The only fairly large city that serves as a capital is Boston (pop. 770,000). New York, Chicago, Philadelphia, Detroit, Los Angeles, St. Louis, Baltimore, Cleveland, Houston, etc., have all been deprived of the privilege which is rightfully theirs.

ARTHUR MATHESON

Albany, N. Y.

ADULTERY, MONOGAMY AND POLYGAMY

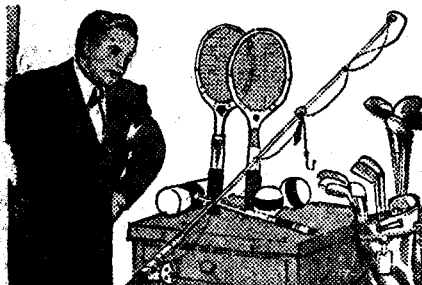
The late Ernest Boyd, one of the two or three really good literary critics of our day, once said, "Adultery is more wholesome and less of a wear and tear on both the man and woman than multiple divorce, and surely adultery is preferable to polygamy, which only multiplies the evils of monogamy in geometric proportions." I think there is more sense in this brief and beautifully simple statement about the sex relationship than in a dozen huge volumes. All men know it's true, and if women were not so fearful of their reputation for chastity, they would all come out for more and more adultery by their men — to be practiced with discretion, of course. Forgive me for using a *nom de plume*; I'm a married man, and my wife is wholly unpredictable.

PAUL VAN CORTLANDT

Los Angeles, Cal.



FOR A HAPPIER, HEALTHIER



1. Choose the outdoor exercises that are best for you.

Summer weekends and vacations are ideal times to enjoy healthy outdoor exercise. You should, however, be careful not to *over-exercise*.

The businessman in the middle years of life who works in an office all week and over-exerts on weekends may do himself more harm than good. So choose activities that are suitable for your age. Better still, see your doctor for advice about the exercise you can enjoy safely this summer.



2. Follow common sense rules for safety in the water.

Swimming is excellent exercise, for you use nearly every muscle in your body—but every swimmer should remember a few precautions.

It's best to swim where there are lifeguards, as even the strongest swimmer may suffer a cramp and need help. After a full meal, it's wise to wait two hours or so before you go in the water; and prior to diving, find out if the water is deep enough for safety.

To help you enjoy your summer, Metropolitan has prepared an envelope of summer health suggestions. It includes leaflets on First Aid and vacation hazards. Send today for your envelope of Metropolitan's "Summer Health Suggestions," 78-L.

TO VETERANS — IF YOU HAVE

SUMMER



3. Be careful about getting your summer sun tan.

Sunburn can be painful and serious. For a safe tan, doctors usually recommend starting with a short period (about 10 minutes), and gradually lengthening the time of exposure.

While most sun tan oils or creams help you tan safely, you may still get a sunburn if you stay too long in direct sunlight. Over-exposure to the sun, especially when you are exercising strenuously, may also lead to sunstroke, or heat exhaustion.



4. Remember that many summer hazards can be avoided.

A bad case of poison ivy can spoil your vacation, so learn to recognize this plant, and stay away from it. If you give prompt attention to cuts and bruises, you can help prevent the start of infection.

In spite of all your precautions, accidents may still occur, so it's wise to have a well-equipped first aid kit available. In addition, following the rules of good health will also help you to a healthier summer.

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NATIONAL SERVICE LIFE INSURANCE—KEEP IT

THE WORLD OF JOHN ADAMS

BY RUDOLPH VON ABELE

I MUST study politics and war," John Adams wrote in 1780, "that my sons may have liberty to study mathematics and philosophy. My sons ought to study mathematics and philosophy . . . in order to give their children a right to study painting, poetry, music. . . ." As a prophecy of what the Adams family, of which he was the first distinguished member, would accomplish, this was extraordinarily accurate; it was accurate also as a delineation of the range of his own activities. While it is true that he was interested in literature, and was familiar with a wide variety of authors and languages, politics was his vocation; and it was in the practical application of political theory that he achieved his reputation, from the time in 1774 when he was chosen as a delegate to the first Continental Congress, to that early morning of March 4, 1801, when, like his son after him, he left the White House by a back door, very quietly, because he had no stomach to watch the inauguration of a "democratic" successor.

Like his son, John Adams accomplished remarkably little in proportion to his capabilities. There were exceptions, to be sure. The plan of a constitution which he drew up for his native Massachusetts in 1780, and which was largely adopted, is the only state constitution that has lasted virtually unchanged for over a century. During the critical months of 1776, when the vacillating, timid and conservative element had a strong grasp on American policy toward England, it was Adams who, as leader of the radical colonials, did as much as anyone else to push the unwilling delegates of the Continental Congress toward the final break which he passionately believed must come. As President, his abrupt and courageous policies probably prevented the outbreak of full-scale war with France. Yet in terms of what his own philosophy called for, he failed; and what he accomplished was done despite himself. This stocky, paunchy, pompous little man, who was endlessly worried about such matters as the

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form in which he, as Vice-President, ought to address Washington as President when the latter came to the Senate to deliver a message — this man was possessed of a genius for making things difficult for himself, a character trait his descendants were to acquire and carry as the family curse from one generation to the next.

The contrast between John Adams and James Madison is almost antithetical. Both were physically small; but whereas Adams seems to have been driven to compensate for it by the common device of self-assertion, Madison took it calmly in his stride. Where Adams was overbearing, irritable, sensitive and intolerant, Madison was cool, even-tempered, scholarly and mild. Whereas Adams the impetuous revolutionist was a centralist and conservative in his notions of government, Madison grew steadily more convinced that a wide dispersal of power was the proper tendency of political organization. Both men were theorists; but with the Virginian the theory was distinct from the personality, while with Adams theorist and theory were one. This led, of course, to intellectual stubbornness, even, on occasion, to bigotry; and quite often to poor political strategy.

Adams' life was crowded with battles. It was not tranquil until the closing years, when age, blindness and deafness combined to shut him out from the world. The rest of his career was composed of a continuous succession of polemics, into which he hurled himself with a fierceness and

an energy hardly surpassed in American political history. Born at Braintree, Massachusetts, in October 1735, of a family unnoticed but not unprosperous, he was graduated at twenty from Harvard College. At first he wavered on the edge of theology; but "the frightful engines of ecclesiastical councils, of diabolical malice and Calvinistical good-nature," the entire apparatus of organized Christianity, which he was to detest to the end of his days, quickly resolved his mind; and he took up the study of law.

One of his characteristics was an obsessive fear of wasting time; and though he read law voraciously for five years, he cursed himself all the time for yielding too often to cards, liquor, tobacco, talk and girls, which, though he enjoyed them — especially girls — he felt were diverting him from his real purpose, which was to make something of himself. At this time, as always, his ambition was as enormous as his sense of self-dissatisfaction. In 1764, after several narrow amorous escapes, he married Abigail Smith, a woman of considerable intelligence and charm, who was to be his companion in politics and domestic life for many years. He began to interest himself in the ferment of agitation occasioned by the Stamp and Townshend Acts. With characteristic directness he planted himself quickly and immovably on the principle of no taxation without the taxpayer's explicit consent; and so began his work as a prime mover of inde-

pendence. He became more and more important in radical circles; and not even his judicious and brave act in defending the soldiers accused of perpetrating the so-called Boston "Massacre" in 1770 did much to harm his growing power and popularity in Boston. Though he tried his best to keep out of official posts and duties, the call for a Continental Congress in 1774 included him, a vigorous partisan who had cheered the Boston tea party and wished there had only been some casualties (British). He journeyed, a suspicious provincial who had hardly stirred out of Braintree, from Boston to Philadelphia, reluctant to admire anything or anybody, but passionately willing to do his part in the coming struggle.

II

He was then nearly forty; and his political philosophy was formed, in all essentials, for life. His chief contributions to the Congress were a thorough knowledge of governmental theory and a pugnacious conviction that the sooner separation from England came the better it would be.

His fundamental principle was that men were moved in their behavior by passion rather than reason, and that therefore the entrusting of too much power over others to any man or group of men, however large, was disastrous unless power were checked by power; unless passion and interest were reciprocally opposed in such a manner that the interests of no one group or individual could be satisfied

at the expense of others, and the interests of the entire social community were met as far as possible. "The happiness of society is the end of government," he told members of Congress when they asked him for advice, and therefore "that form of government which communicates . . . happiness to the greatest number of persons, and in the greatest degree, is the best." This, of course, was pure utilitarianism.

In order to translate it into practice, Adams argued, it was most unwise to trust, as many romantic eighteenth-century souls were prone to do, to the natural impulse to virtue, benevolence and reasonableness in man; for man was anything but rational. "How," he laughed sardonically in his old age, "could any rational being ever dream that man was a rational creature?" In the absence of an improved type of human being, the only thing that could be relied on to promote social harmony was a balance and division of power among constituent elements of government, so that no one element might gain preponderant power over other elements, and so that all elements of government might be subject to the ultimate popular will. His huge, exhaustive and exhausting treatise on the *Constitutions of Government of the United States of America* was exclusively concerned with proving that Turgot and Franklin were wrong in advocating unicameral legislatures combining executive and legislative functions; and, though he was always

being accused of favoring monarchy, he actually was merely asserting that the Constitution as written gave too little power to the President in relation to that of Congress, especially in that the Senate had the power to reject Presidential appointments. He feared that Congress might turn tyrannical.

Escaping the humbuggery of human rationalism and infinite progress, he also escaped the humbuggery of natural equality. "By the law of nature, all men are men, and not angels — men, and not lions . . . and this is the most that the equality of nature amounts to," he declared, maintaining that while all men were born to enjoy equal rights in society, under no conceivable circumstances could their natural inequality of temperament and power be suppressed, nor there be prevented from arising in any society a natural aristocracy of ability and power, based on distinctions which were considered socially desirable or useful. He thus rejected Jefferson's differentiation between natural and artificial aristocracy completely. The entire controversy has now, of course, only historical value; for neither Adams nor Jefferson were — or could then be — aware of the enormous influence upon personality structure of environmental factors which has, in recent years, been brought into focus.

In falling into the general eighteenth-century pattern of political thought by accepting the dogma of natural rights, Adams committed his

one major gullibility. But this is easily understandable when it is seen what a perfect tool of rationalization of the colonial revolt lay in this idea that the human animal is possessed — "inalienably," as the Declaration of Independence had it — of basic political privileges simply by virtue of being human, and not because of the fact that those privileges, such as life, liberty and property, are both conferred upon him and protected by, the particular society of which he happens to be a member. If the value-patterns of the society do not happen to provide for or favor the existence of such privileges, it is irrelevant and idle to speak of them as rights that are being denied. Social rights are socially created, and cannot antedate society. But in Adams' day the doctrine of man in an original anarchic state of nature, owning these rights, derived from God, and then surrendering his untrammelled exercise of some of them to government in return for protection against his fellows, was so much in the air that it would have been difficult for anyone, and particularly a political "radical," to avoid making use of them. With this exception, Adams' theory of men and government was shrewd and hard-headed and tempered with a certain wry humor. Though his estimates of human motives were pitched pretty low, he never despaired. In extreme age, after having suffered a vast amount of chicanery, duplicity and outright malice, he could still say, "Homo sum, I must hate myself be-

fore I can hate my fellow men; and that I cannot, and will not do . . . base, brutal, and devilish as some of them have been to me." What if men were moved by a passion for distinction (or, as we would say, for social approval), manifested as ambition, envy, vanity or emulation; or if their first wants were their dinners and their second their girls; or if their susceptibility to passion was at best only partially to be curbed by education? In the last analysis they had to be taken as they were, and governed in such a way (for Adams implicitly rejected Adam Smith's notion of a multitude of individuals pursuing their enlightened self-interest in a supernaturally guided harmony) that their passions would curb one another and expend themselves in the general, as well as the particular, interest.

III

After serving on the committee that drafted the Declaration of Independence, and putting forth a tremendous fight to bring a donkey Congress to separate from Britain, he plunged deep into public service, his most important post being head of the "Board of War," which he held for about a year. He left Philadelphia in 1777 to go home to recuperate, but was immediately sent to France as an envoy. So began his diplomatic career, which, with a few exceptions the least creditable item in his public life, lasted till 1788.

He was far less equipped for diplomacy than his son was to be; and

his first mission ended in exactly nothing. He was jealous of Franklin's popularity with the French; and when the philosopher-statesman was appointed minister plenipotentiary to France in 1778, with Congress neglecting to say what would be done with Adams, he resigned in disgust and came home, only to return again the following year, commissioned to negotiate with Great Britain, should the opportunity present itself. It did not do so, and he lingered on, always somewhat like a fish on dry land, a little piqued because of his comparative insignificance here. Paris and the French, both of which he ultimately became fond despite himself, aroused all his provincial suspicions; and the stylistic behavior of the court circles in which he had to move made him acutely conscious — and proud — of his own lack of suavity and grace. He could never accustom himself to the methods of French diplomacy; and while he was in France his only major success was in negotiating loans with the Dutch. He was far too tactless and blunt, far too honest and ingenuous (as is often true of men who, theoretically, understand all human subtleties) to be able to fence well with the adroit French Foreign Secretary, Count Vergennes.

After taking part in the peace negotiations of 1782, where he manifested a deep distrust of all European nations, including France — an opinion which, with characteristic maladroitness, he openly communicated to the British representatives — he

was appointed first American minister to Britain. In this post he did about as well as anyone could have, considering the intransigence and hostility of the British government. Returning in 1788 to his beloved Quincy, he was at first highly anxious to retire and take up his reading and farming; but he yielded to fate when chosen Vice-President of the United States. He had been abroad during the drafting of the Constitution, but, with certain exceptions which he had made public, had supported it strongly from the first.

He had not, as had Washington, been chosen to office by unanimous vote; and because of this he felt piqued and a little subordinated. He solaced himself with lecturing the Senate like a schoolteacher, and with fussing about the proper titles by which the President should be addressed. As yet he was probably unaware that Alexander Hamilton had been the engineer who had seen to it that he had not received a unanimous vote; and so he still supported Hamilton's policies, although largely by silent consent, since his office as President of the Senate compelled him to refrain from expressing his opinions. He bided his time, and continued his corrective criticism of the Constitution with another huge book, *Discourses of Davila*, which, published at the wrong moment, stirred up something of a tempest of Republican criticism.

His last — and greatest — political troubles began when the Farewell

Address made it patent that Washington would not seek a third term. By the logic of events, he found himself a candidate (it was said he had been groomed as Heir Apparent) together with Jefferson and Thomas Pinckney of North Carolina. The campaign was one of the most vituperative and violent in American history. Adams was smeared as an enemy of democratic government and an ambitious, scheming, Anglophilic monarchist with a pot belly and no brains. Because of Hamilton's subterranean machinations, Adams was elected by a margin of only three votes; and Jefferson became his Vice-President. Washington's neutral policy with regard to Britain and France, who had been at war since 1793, had received questionable endorsement at the hands of the public. So had the notorious treaty negotiated with Britain by John Jay, by the terms of which the British were finally to leave the military posts they had illegally occupied in American territory in the Northwest, in return for some very dubious commercial concessions to American shipping which satisfied nobody.

Adams' Presidency, like that of his son after him, was marked chiefly by personal antagonisms. His cabinet, a hold-over from Washington's, was composed of men who ran behind his back to Hamilton with every problem, and took advice from the New Yorker rather than from Adams. That Adams did not realize this until 1800, and even then not fully, is evidence of incredible obtuseness in one

who, abstractly, was so cynical and suspicious of human behavior.

The one great problem he had to deal with was France, whose government, incensed over the Jay Treaty, had declined to receive an American envoy. When Adams tried negotiation, his commissioners were first approached for bribes before official recognition could take place; and France declared an intention to seize any ship, neutral or otherwise, with British goods on board. The Gallophobes, led by Hamilton and the New England Federalists, would have been happy to have a war, and tried for three years to trick Adams into one. Adams, in turn, desiring only that the country be prepared for self-defense, sponsored the creation of an independent Navy Department and of an enlarged army (over the commanding of which he became involved in a nonsensical and vituperative squabble with Hamilton, Washington and Henry Knox); and abetted or sanctioned the notorious Alien and Sedition Laws, which raised a cloud of enraged condemnation of him and his administration. His most highly praised gesture was that of appointing an envoy to treat with France, thereby resuming negotiations, at a time when the real rulers of his party were bent upon war. This was certainly courageous, since it completed his alienation from all parties, and virtually finished him off as a potential candidate to succeed himself; but it had also certain impulsive, splenetic, defiant overtones which echo the less

attractive side of Adams' nature. All in all he was a peculiar President, stubborn and irresolute, intelligent and foolish by turns. His most momentous act probably was the appointment of John Marshall as Chief Justice of the United States; for it was Marshall, perhaps even more than Hamilton, who fixed in the governmental tradition the principle of the broad, rather than the narrow, interpretation of the powers of the Federal government as given by the Constitution, and paved the way for Federal action in many spheres which might otherwise, in later years, have been effectually closed to it.

IV

Then he went home, after Jefferson and Burr had fought it out, and became a leisurely farmer again, a spectator and rememberer. He lived another 26 years, to the ripe age of 91, and had the satisfaction of seeing his son made President. As death approached he became steadily deaf, blinder and stouter; and could scarcely walk across a room without help. A portrait painted in 1825 shows a bald, round, wrinkled head, the mouth worn into a half-cynical, half-understanding expression, the large-lidded eyes quite alive and shrewdly piercing, even in blindness. In his age he mellowed much, and carried on a lengthy correspondence with his old enemy Jefferson, enthusiastically digging at the roots of religion:

Now, my friend Jefferson, suppose an eternal, self-existent being, existing from

eternity, possessed of infinite wisdom, goodness, and power, in absolute, total solitude, six thousand years ago conceiving the benevolent project of creating a universe. . . . The question before the human race is whether the God of nature shall govern the world by His own laws, or whether priests and kings shall rule it by fictitious miracles.

And of aristocracy:

Pick up the first hundred men you meet, and make a republic. Every man will have an equal vote; but when deliberations and discussions are opened, it will be found that twenty-five, by their talents, virtues being equal, will be able to carry fifty votes. Every one of these . . . is an aristocrat in my sense of the word.

And of politics:

The fundamental article of my political creed is that despotism, or unlimited sovereignty, or absolute power, is the same in a majority of a popular assembly, an aristocratic council, an oligarchical junta, and a single emperor. Equally arbitrary, cruel, bloody, and in every respect diabolical.

Jefferson he could understand and forgive; Hamilton, however, who had written an hysterically vicious public attack on him before the campaign of 1800, he could not understand, and would not forgive. Hamilton, though, was probably unforgivable.

The founder of the House of Adams died on July 4, 1826, the fiftieth anniversary of the Declaration of Independence, and the same day on which Jefferson died. The coincidence was marked by the superstitious; the loss by those who knew what had been

lost. Fierce-tempered and ferociously blunt, a little proud of both, incorrigibly stubborn, incorrigibly provincial, the elder Adams set a standard of incorruptible honest and public service in which self-seeking and seeking for the common good were remarkably blended; a standard his descendants, from John Quincy Adams through his son Charles Francis, diplomat in England during the crucial years of the Civil War, to his sons Henry and Brooks, historian-philosophers, found it easy to emulate only because their talents and virtues were commensurate with his. If absolute integrity, shrewd insight into human behavior, few illusions, and a record of public service that includes the floor leadership of the fight to push the Declaration of Independence through the Continental Congress, and the steering of America away from involvement in a war between England and France when involvement might have proved disastrous to a nation barely under way as an independent power, and nearly proved disastrous when it finally did come in 1812 — if all this be symptomatic of greatness, then John Adams was unquestionably great. Madison was better-balanced, Hamilton more brilliant, Washington more magnanimous and adept at handling men; but when all his limitations are accounted for, Adams remains a unique and somehow lovable man. If Washington was the father, as the popular saying has it, then John Adams might be called the uncle of his country.

THE SKEPTICS' CORNER

by BERGEN EVANS



That babies' heads have to be moulded into shape

Many a first father on first seeing the odd-shaped head of a first child has gloomily commenced to compute the probable cost of maintaining an imbecile only to be cheered up, on his next visit, by observing that the head has assumed a more normal shape. It is a common belief that the improvement was the result of manipulations by the guilt-stricken obstetrician who had crept by night into the maternity ward and done what he could to remedy his botchery.

Fears and fancies are alike unfounded. The head of a newborn child is malleable and, especially in first deliveries when the membranes have ruptured early and the mother's pelvis is small, is often squeezed into the shape of an egg. After three or four days it automatically assumes the proper shape. Babies delivered by Caesarean before labor has begun and breech babies, freed from any such pressures on their heads, are always born with normal heads.

Parents are often apprehensive that the distortion might have had a bad effect on the brain. But the brain is a semi-liquid affair and within limits seems none the worse for being pushed around. The Flathead Indians used to bind boards tight on their babies' foreheads and so permanently distort their skulls but, aside from the limitations implied in their continuance of the practice, seemed intellectually none the worse.

That upper and lower jaws move in eating

Ten seconds observation at any mealtime ought to suffice to show that in human beings the lower jaw *only* moves in the act of chewing, that it raises, presses and grinds the food against the upper jaw. Indeed, in a nation as richly endowed as we are with gum chewers it is not necessary to wait until mealtime to make the observation. But the astonishing fact remains that there are many people who do not seem to have made it.

Perhaps they are misled by the con-

tinual use of the plural "jaws" in literature which, in turn, may be due to the fact that writers are ignorant and share the illusion or are very learned and know that the jaw is composed of two bones fused together each of which can properly be called a jaw.

In sharks, by the way, and other animals, the upper and lower jaws do move.

That there are arsenic-eaters

Mithridates is said to have so saturated himself with poisons, in order to develop immunities and hence foil those who might try to poison him, that when, after his defeat by Pompey, he had occasion to poison himself he was unable to do so and had to order a Gallic mercenary to kill him. His remarkable tolerance has not been developed by anyone since.

The great modern legend of immunity to poison is that of a tribe of "arsenic-eaters," generally located in Styria, a province of Austria, or the Tyrol. Lay and learned journals alike pay testimony to their remarkable powers. It seems that these happy peasants have discovered that a constant absorption of arsenic (they take it, we are told, in the form of arsenic trioxide) gives their women uncommon beauty and their men, by a happy reciprocity, uncommon vigor and powers of endurance. They have been at it for years and, according to Dr. M. Edward Marten, are now born "with an inherited tolerance" —

thus going Mithridates one better. The only drawback is that the poison is habit-forming and while it seems to have no ill effects the failure to continue its use can be fatal, the deprived addict withering away before your very eyes, like the ancient girl in *Lost Horizon*, into the senility and feebleness which he or she has heretofore evaded. The Austrian government, we are told, has "of course" tried to put down the practice, but without success. Arsenic is "bootlegged" into the happy valleys where "the peasants spread it on bread and eat it as they would butter."

Incidentally, the excessive beauty of the women or the excessive vigor of the men plus this curious local custom has led, we are assured, to a high murder rate. You simply invite a fellow arsenic-eater to dinner and maliciously spread the trioxide on his bread a little in excess of his known tolerance. (Apparently there are 5-gram men and 6-gram men as there used to be 5-bottle men and 6-bottle men among the Georgian squires.) The autopsy reveals arsenical poisoning, of course, but no jury of addicts will bring in a verdict of murder merely because one of the brethren has over-indulged.

Now all this may be so. The world may be a much more interesting place than it seems. But the skeptics have one or two questions to ask before they start spreading arsenic on their morning toast. Why is this happy adaptability confined to the inhabitants of this one locality? Why do

people elsewhere display such dreadful discomfort and grow more ugly and more feeble, vomit and bleed, when they take the least little bit of it? If immunity can be developed, why have there been rashes of arsenical poisoning in various manufactures where the absorption must have begun with far more minute doses than the Styrians could measure? How do some people get *chronic* arsenious poisoning? The miners of Reichenstein, which is pretty close to the Tyrol and not far from Styria, are constantly exposed to a fine powdered arsenic and in consequence they exhibit anything but vigor. They die early. They suffer from arsenical poisoning. They have rickets and dropsy.

Let's quit fooling around with the atomic bomb and get down to business. Let the United Nations appoint a committee to iron out these few difficulties and then let our industrialists get to work on the mass production of arsenic trioxide. Most of us have been ugly and feeble long enough.

That insane men imagine themselves to be Napoleon

The belief that the insane imagine themselves to be Napoleon is one of the persistent delusions of the sane. Dr. C. S. Bluemel, whose psychiatric practice and long association with insane asylums have afforded him unusual opportunities for observation, says (*The Troubled Mind*, p. 8) that

he has never encountered this delusion among the mentally ill. "In the early part of the nineteenth century," he adds, "there may have been a few paretics who identified themselves with Napoleon, but Napoleon has been dead for more than a hundred years and the delusion is no longer encountered."

The cartoonists must scrap one of their most cherished properties.

That animals are chivalrous

"At times," says Mr. Albert Payson Terhune, with a note of regret in his voice, "when a male and female dog are romping together the barrier breaks down between frolic and anger" and the female "may snap fiercely at the male." Yet the male will never retaliate "or so much as defend himself against the female's onslaught." It is "humiliating," he adds, "to realize that the lowest dog has higher chivalry than the lowest man." Our police courts are full of wife-beaters, but where, he demands, "is there an authentic case of a grown male dog attacking the female of his species?"

The New Yorker answered this rhetorical flourish with a reference to another page in the same issue of the magazine containing Mr. Terhune's challenge, a page which had an account of a female dog's being "ripped open from eye to jaw" by a husky who did not relish her "friendly advances."

This might be dismissed as fiction

were it not that almost every menagerie has learned to its cost that there is no such thing as chivalry in nature. Matings will be arranged and all will seem to be going well until the happy couple are allowed to be together. Then the male may attack and kill his fair partner. The New York Zoo has lost a jaguar, a grizzly bear and wolves this way. (See W. T. Hornaday, *The Mind and Manners of Wild Animals*.) Baboons frequently kill their females, fighting over them, and the barbarous victor will drag the eviscerated corpse about with him in triumph. (See S. Zuckermann, *The Social Life of Monkeys*.) Male mice kill and eat their females for no apparent reason whatever. (See E. T. Seton, *Life Histories of Northern Animals*.)

That sensuality can be determined from facial features

Many different features in women are thought by different men to indicate "sexiness," a quality which unwary males seem to think is a rarity to be perceived only by certain esoteric signs. Some believe that wide-set eyes indicate sexiness. Many rely on full lips, an expectation which young females desperately seek to encourage by smearing over about a third of their faces. Sculptor Yucca Salamunich is quoted in *Time* as affirming that "Passionate women always have long straight noses." A Mr. Phil Wasserman writes to that publication to say that Mr. Sala-

munich is uninformed; after vast experience in many lands he has discovered that it is near-sighted women "whose passions easily rise to the surface." This, of course, may be a reflection on Mr. Wasserman's appearance. One can't say.

But what one can say is that sexiness is only perceived where sexiness is wanted. None of these features in an old woman would suggest sexiness to anyone.

That beavers are industrious

Moralists have cause for alarm in the tinge of contempt in the current attitude of youth towards the beaver. Our fathers thought the fabled industry of the beaver admirable, our children think it slightly absurd and more to be pitied than emulated.

The historian of folk zoology would be interested in perceiving that there is a remnant, though a fading one, of the old belief in the beaver's industry still lingering in the popular mind. The beaver does work hard, but he loafes and plays, too, and takes more time off than a professor. It is doubtful if he is anywhere nearly as busy as a rat, for example.

The beaver of today is a faint shadow of his former fictional self. In antiquity the beaver was considered an architect, a statesman and a bold beast in an emergency. Aelian and other ancient writers asserted that the beavers reduced all strangers and their own aged to slavery, compelling them to act as human sleds by

lying on their backs and being dragged by the tail. They were said to use their tails as trowels, to post sentinels for the public security and, most remarkable of all, never to assemble in even numbers so that their voting on public questions could never be stalemated in a tie.

When pursued for his testicles, which were thought to have medicinal and other values, the beaver would tear them off and cast them to his pursuers "and when thus mutilated turn about and present himself to obtain mercy."

This last fable, deeply entrenched in moral and zoological lore, has a unique interest: Pliny didn't believe it.

That girls mature early in tropical climates

Our fathers' mores did not permit their womenfolk to show any knowledge of or interest in sexual matters until they were safely desiccated. Travelers reported, however, that things were managed otherwise in happier climes and our fathers, assuming their own customs to be right and "natural," could only infer that there must be some physiological difference and yearn in secret for the Southern latitudes. Within their own country, they were inclined to attribute a similar early maturity to Negro girls, mountain girls and the buxom daughters of the immigrants.

But it was the old story of acres of diamonds! Actually their own daughters

matured sooner than those of the envied (or, superficially, despised) foreigner and have been maturing even sooner. The better food and care, the sooner the individual matures. And civilized people, on the whole, have better food and care than uncivilized people, the rich better than the poor, the native born better than the immigrants, whites better than Negroes.

That pigs can't swim

The problem of whether or not pigs can swim became a minor international issue when a reporter vowed he had seen a pig, officially number 311, swimming out of the area of the first atom-bomb test at Bikini. Entering citizens of Kirkland, Washington, decided to put the matter to a test by holding a pig Derby. There was a storm of protest from outraged citizens, including, it is said, some of the animal specialists in the Department of Agriculture. But the Kirklanders went ahead and had their Derby anyway and found that pigs *can* swim. Number 311 was vindicated. Rose of Normandy won the race. *Life*, which ran pictures of the event (September 2, 1946), declared that boys, "pig caddies," swam behind the pigs to keep them straight. If this is true a new occupation has been born.

Kirkland being, apparently, short on devils that would inspire the pigs to cast themselves into the sea, it was necessary to dump them down chutes.

THE STATE OF NEW HAMPSHIRE

BY ARTHUR K. SMART

WHEN Abraham Lincoln became President he noticed that many politicians seeking appointments used as a recommendation the fact that they came from New Hampshire. Lincoln was impressed, and he remarked finally that New Hampshire must be a good place to come from.

The President's observation, which sounds flattering until you begin to think about it, points up one of the state's recurrent problems. Today, as in Lincoln's time, New Hampshire produces a disproportionate number of leaders for the nation, and manages to retain only a few for herself. If you go through any recent *Who's Who in America* you will find an enormous number of citizens listed as natives of New Hampshire. But only a few of these prominent persons are currently living in the Granite State. Daniel Webster illustrated the point well. He once told the merchants of Boston that, just as they hung out signs to indicate the type of wares they sold, so God had set out the likeness of a human profile on one of the New Hampshire mountains to show that

there He made men. And yet Webster, himself a New Hampshire man, achieved his fame in Massachusetts.

Why do people leave New Hampshire? A possible explanation, which is not entirely satisfactory, is that this little state clings to its early traditions with a tenacity almost unequaled by any other. It is virtually the last refuge in America of the pure Anglo-Saxon traditions of government. Ambitious men might feel stifled in a state where the compass is a century-and-a-half-old constitution, which is so difficult to change that there have not been a dozen important amendments.

This constitution, like those of Massachusetts and Maine, provides that the governor's power shall be limited by an Executive Council which must confirm all appointments. Some people complain that this system is costly and cumbersome, and probably they are right. But New Hampshire people prefer it to the admittedly remote possibility of executive usurpation or dictatorship.

The state's legislature, too, is a

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remarkable body. The lower house is the largest legislative body in the world, excepting only the American House of Representatives and the British House of Lords — and this in a state whose population (a little under 500,000) is less than that of sixteen American cities. The size of the legislature makes it virtually incorruptible, and since each legislator represents a small number of constituents the affairs of government are brought closer to the citizen. The ambitious politician cannot go very far under such a setup.

And yet in many ways the state is far from conservative: it has made more than its share of contributions to the nation's social and political development. More than a century ago the first public library in America was established in the little town of Peterborough. New Hampshire adopted workmen's compensation in 1912, three years before California. Laws for pre-marital physical examinations and for requiring that automobile drivers be financially responsible are two steps in which New Hampshire has led the country in the past decade.

And that ultra-conservative constitution has a provision guaranteeing — the right of revolution.

II

Traditionally a Protestant state, New Hampshire has been somewhat perplexed as to how to treat Catholics. The regard for freedom of religion is as great here as any place else, but at the same time there is a rooted con-

viction that authoritarianism in religion is not entirely compatible with democracy in government. The state has so far been unwilling to give any official encouragement to Catholics. Her constitution still provides that public aid and tax exemption shall be given only to Protestant institutions of religion, morality and learning.

Ever since Colonial days, when it was the state religion, the Congregational church has been predominant. The Congregationalists, of course, are one of the most democratic of the Protestant sects, and if the people of New Hampshire are accustomed to making their own decisions, religion has had a lot to do with it. Neither Bishops nor Synods nor Ecclesiastical Conferences have the power to tell most New Hampshire churches who their pastor shall be, or of what their creed shall consist. Those matters are decided by direct vote in each parish. Although it was the Congregationalists who introduced this religious democracy, many other denominations have adopted it.

The accepted set of values in the state is somewhat different from that prevailing elsewhere. The emphasis is on absolute honesty and forthrightness. Petty deceptions which are regarded as good business and clever politics elsewhere are simply considered dishonest in New Hampshire. Concealment itself is regarded with suspicion. In some regions an attempt to conceal your activities from the public gaze is considered vaguely sinister, and the living room shades, for

example, are never drawn. In many homes it is likewise considered unnecessary to lock the front door at night.

The qualities so marked in the church and government in New Hampshire are also discernible in her industry. Traditionally, the state has been noted for the superior products of its independent craftsmen. In the early nineteenth century the old-fashioned clocks made in Sanbornton were known throughout the nation. Later the state became famous as the home of the Concord Coaches, which were made by Abbott & Downing in the capital city: early settlers of California have testified to the superiority of these conveyances. It was not the much-publicized "Pony Express," but the New Hampshire-built Concord Coaches, that carried most of the mail and treasure in the days of the old West. An ancient coach now forms the center of the historical collection of the Wells-Fargo Bank in San Francisco, and the Bank says of it:

The Concord stagecoach, product of Yankee ingenuity and craftsmanship, helped mightily in the "Winning of the West." For ten years, until the country was spanned by steel rails in 1869, hundreds of these coaches shuttled back and forth between St. Joe, Mo. and Sacramento — 1900 miles in about sixteen days.

But Concord Coaches and Sanbornton clocks eventually succumbed to the machine age. The individual skill of the New Hampshire workman could not be utilized in an assembly-line industry. Another wagon manu-

facturer, Studebaker, was able to convert his business and go into the manufacture of automobiles. Abbott & Downing, however, chose to close their shop rather than cheapen their product or conform to the demands of mass production.

But even in the era of the machine, the state has found some fields where it can combine the skill of its workers with the demand for quantities of goods. Concord is now the home of the colossal Rumford Press, which prints about 55 magazines (including THE AMERICAN MERCURY). The editor of the Milford *Cabinet*, one of New Hampshire's leading small-town weeklies, visited this plant once, then went home and figured out how long it would take the presses in his own shop to get out a single issue of one of the magazines printed at Rumford. He calculated finally that if there were no breakdowns in his machinery, the job could be accomplished in about 67 years.

There is virtually no illiteracy in New Hampshire, and from the earliest days the state has produced journalists of considerable skill and reputation. Amos Kendall migrated to Tennessee, where he became a prominent newspaper supporter of Andrew Jackson and later a member of the famous "Kitchen Cabinet." Horace Greeley drifted down to New York to become the founder of the *Tribune* and the most influential editor of his day. Isaac Hill stayed in New Hampshire, converted the New Hampshire *Patriot* into a bulwark of Jacksonian

Democracy and got himself into the United States Senate. Nathaniel P. Rogers, also a Concord editor, struck out boldly for women's rights, world peace and the abolition of slavery.

The Concord *Monitor-Patriot*, with a history running back more than a century, is probably the aristocrat of all the papers now flourishing in the state. Located in the capital city, it possesses a decisive advantage in covering political news; and some of its editors have used their political know-how to get starts in practical politics. Two of them, William E. Chandler and George H. Moses, became United States Senators, and the present editor, James Langley, exerts about as much personal influence over public affairs as any man in the state.

However, the largest paper is the Manchester *Union-Leader*. With a circulation of slightly less than 100,000, it can declare truthfully that few papers are read by a larger proportion of the residents in any state. For years this paper was the property of Frank Knox. New Hampshire people read Knox's paper, but they never seemed to care much for his politics. He ran for governor in 1924 and met an ignominious defeat at the hands of an unknown school teacher named John Winant. After that Knox changed his legal residence to Chicago.

Last year the *Union-Leader* came under new management. The present régime has already proved itself by achieving one of the major news triumphs of 1948—shaking out of General Eisenhower an unequivocal

declaration of his decision not to run for the Presidency.

There are nine other dailies, all of smaller circulation and limited news coverage, and more than forty local weeklies. Of the latter, some, like the *Berlin Reporter*, the *Carroll County Independent* and the *Milford Cabinet*, maintain standards of reporting that are astonishingly high.

III

Another field in which New Hampshire has long excelled is education. Even before the Revolution, Eleazar Wheelock had paddled up the Connecticut River to establish at Hanover an Indian Charity School which later grew into Dartmouth College. Dartmouth is the alma mater of Daniel Webster, Rufus Choate and Richard Hovey, and it still turns out distinguished graduates; but it has become perhaps better known for its winter carnivals and football teams. The only other New Hampshire college is the State University. Originally a branch of Dartmouth specializing in agriculture, NHU has had some difficulty in getting residents to appreciate its present broader functions. Nevertheless, it has taken a place among the best of New England's state colleges, and it compares well with many of the privately endowed institutions.

The endowed preparatory schools in New Hampshire played a vital part in the state's educational structure before public high schools were thought of; and some of them became so strong that they survive even in an

age of public education. St. Paul's School at Concord (which is roughly in the same class at Groton and St. Mark's) and Phillips Exeter Academy have long been among America's most fashionable boys' schools. New Hampton Academy, whose history dates back well over a century, and Proctor Academy at Andover, among others, probably furnish as good an education at a somewhat lower price range.

The accessibility of New Hampshire resorts to the large urban centers of the East made it one of the first major American recreation areas. It was near enough to the ports of New England so that the European visitors of a century ago could make a trip here their first business after disembarking. It was near enough to Boston so that the great men of the Golden Age of American Literature — Emerson, Thoreau, Hawthorne, Whittier and the rest — made it their favorite resort spot. Grover Cleveland came to Tamworth for his vacations after he had left the White House, and in recent years his grandson has been director of a summer theatrical troupe in the same region. Woodrow Wilson selected Cornish to serve as his summer White House for two years. John Hay, the great Secretary of State, made his summer home at Newbury, where he died, and Charles Evans Hughes is still a regular guest at Peckett's-on-Sugar Hill, in Franconia. Henry Ward Beecher, Edward Everett Hale and Phillips Brooks got inspirations for sermons out of the natural splendors of the state. States-

men like Charles Sumner, Rutherford B. Hayes and even Jefferson Davis found relaxation here from the problems of government.

The styles in vacations have varied greatly during the years, of course, and these variations have had their effect on the recreation business. In the days before the automobile, guests brought their baggage to the nearest railroad station. Then they were taken by coach or wagon to one of the palatial hotels that dotted the valleys between the mountains. They would stay here for weeks on end, exploring the immediate vicinity, perhaps, or sitting on the broad verandah of the hotel. In those days General Grant made local history by venturing to travel eleven miles over rough mountain roads in a stage coach, in the incredibly short time of 58 minutes.

The automobile changed all that. Vacationists are no longer anxious to remain anchored to one spot. The huge hotels have become of greater concern to tax collectors than to investors. A few of them, like the Mount Washington in Bretton Woods (where the great international banking conference was held in 1945) have kept their clienteles. Generally speaking, however, the big hotels have given way to clusters of over-night cabins, tourist homes and other transient colonies. This meant a loss for many wealthy promoters, but it spread the revenue among others who had not previously been able to profit from the tourist industry.

Still more recently, the popularization of winter sports has changed the recreation business from a seasonal occupation to one that goes on all year. Snow trains bring in droves of week-end visitors during the winter; and filling-station attendants even in Southern New England notice an increase in their business on those Sundays when special events are held on the ski jumps at Gilford or Berlin.

Perhaps the most significant change in recreation styles has been the establishment of specialized colonies of summer residents with similar interests. Thus, Sanbornton has become the summer home of hundreds of scientists from many colleges. The shores of the beautiful Newfound Lake have become the site of a music colony. The home of the composer, Edward McDowell, has become the center of a group of creative artists of all kinds.

IV

Much as New Hampshire honors the notables who seek her out as a place of recreation, she has not abated any of her devotion to her own illustrious sons. Daniel Webster is still her favorite. His record as a statesman, orator, lawyer and diplomatist is still a matter for unending praise in New Hampshire. Her only President, Franklin Pierce, has not done as well as Webster, though lately his reputation seems to have improved. The home of the sculptor, Augustus St. Gaudens, at Cornish, is now preserved as a shrine. The novelist Winston Church-

ill, who spent much of his adult life denying that he was a British statesman, is another New Hampshire man who is remembered favorably in the state. His *Coniston* and *Mr. Crewe's Career* are still two of the finest political novels in the English language.

Two native sons, Salmon P. Chase and Harlan F. Stone, have been Chief Justices of the United States Supreme Court, and a third, Levi Woodbury, was an able Associate Justice. Mary Baker Eddy, the founder of Christian Science, was born and spent her life in New Hampshire. Robert Frost, four times a Pulitzer Prize winner for poetry, is so closely identified with the state as to be a sort of unofficial poet-laureate.

The pattern of New Hampshire life is not uniform. Along with the individualism, the skilled workmanship and the Anglo-Saxon character of most of her small communities, there are twelve cities (it takes only 5000 people to make a city in New Hampshire) and a few industrialized towns. These urban communities are the fruits of an attempt, made about a century ago, to take advantage of the state's water-power and convert her into a center of mass production.

At Manchester the largest textile mills in the world were established. Later they had to close down because of loss of business to the South. At Franklin paper mills played so large a part in the community's life that it became known as the "Paper City." Eventually, however, the forests were cut off and the paper mills had to

find new locations. When these machines in Manchester and Franklin were running, it was difficult to find the unskilled labor necessary to man them. To meet the deficiency, trainloads of French-Canadians were smuggled into the country at night; and even Central Europe was flooded with pictures of happy employees coming out of the Manchester mill gates, waving their bulging pay envelopes.

Now the mills have left the state, but the people they attracted and their descendants remain. In the years before the war these people presented a terrific relief problem; this difficulty evaporated with the wartime full-employment economy. But there has remained the basic problem of trying to make this population fit harmoniously into a community whose traditions are Anglo-Saxon and whose ideal is American individualism. In Manchester today you can attend political rallies conducted entirely in foreign languages. In Berlin (whose name has been pronounced with the stress on the first syllable ever since World War I) you can go into the largest school in the city without being able to find a teacher who can speak enough English to carry on a conversation, except for the English teacher. (She speaks the language only haltingly.) In Somersworth we have what is perhaps the most solidly Democratic community north of the Mason-Dixon line. The lopsided Democratic majorities here speak for themselves of a type of boss rule which is unknown in most parts

of the state, and of the absence of the individualism that is characteristic of most of New Hampshire.

Significantly, there is virtually no animosity toward these city people in the rural areas of the state. Nativism has never thrived in New Hampshire. There is some concern, however, over the disorganizing effect of the city population on the Anglo-Saxon traditions of freedom.

V

There is another reason why men leave New Hampshire — the low level of wages in the state. New Hampshire's per capita income is among the lowest in the nation; it ranks only with a few of the states in the Deep South.

This low wage scale prevails in all walks of life. The governor gets only \$5000 a year, and until 1924 he received only \$2400. Members of the legislature get \$200 for each two-year session. At the outbreak of the war you could hire linotype operators for as little as \$20 a week, and competent printers for even less. School teachers are still being paid from \$1000 to \$2000 a year less than the minimum constitutional requirement in California. Until the war boom, one could find whole communities where no merchant saw as much as \$2500 during the course of a year.

This wage scale has a profound effect on all aspects of New Hampshire life. People have to buy many of their goods at national price levels out of their own sub-normal incomes, and

they do not have much left over at the year's end. Visitors are unfavorably impressed by the absence of stylish clothes and by a certain hardness in the faces of these people, who have spent their entire lives in a battle with poverty. Because of the low income, credit is not readily available; and indebtedness is something of unbelievable terror.

There are hundreds of citizens who decide, every year, that, much as they love their state, it is a luxury they cannot afford. They prefer to make their homes where they can get more money for the same amount of work. They come to the conclusion that the beauties of the White Mountains and the Lake Region are fine for vacations, but not much of a place to raise a family. Because of this developing attitude, New Hampshire's finest product — her manpower — has influenced not one state, but the entire Union. Her sons have left their marks all the way from the coast of Maine to the foggy bays of California. In Statuary Hall, in Washington, each

state is entitled to place the likenesses of her two greatest citizens. Of the 96 statues, not two, but five, are of New Hampshire natives.

The state is now nearing the end of a transition period. She has become pretty much reconciled to the fact that most of her factories must move to locations closer to sources of supply. Many of her people, instead of mourning this loss, believe it to be a good thing. It will at least diminish the curse of absentee ownership, which was originally responsible for the introduction of low wages and the mill-town morality into New Hampshire life.

Many residents see in the new era that is dawning for their state a return to the finer craftsmanship that previously prevailed. They envisage a state of smaller working units, of greater freedom to pursue the finer things in life, and, above all, of higher wages. Then, they hope, not so many people will have to choose between starving among their beloved White Mountains and prospering elsewhere.



THE RECORD OF PUBLIC HOUSING

BY ANYA F. SMITH

The neighborhood we are in is getting so terribly bad my girls and my little son can hear all kind of talk and there is everything going on in this block at nights. There's six in our family. My son is thirteen years old and he is too large now to be sleeping with his sisters. I am asking the Lord to help you find us a place.

THIS paragraph, taken from a letter written to the local housing authority in Chicago, can be used to point up what has become a crucial social problem of our times. The housing problem has long since passed the stage when it could be regarded as merely a matter of discomfort and inconvenience to those involved. All our other social problems — crime, juvenile delinquency, disease, immorality, racial tension, etc. — have at least some of their roots in the slums. Bad housing has become the focal problem. And none of these other problems can be intelligently tackled until the housing problem is solved.

There is an accumulating mass of statistics to buttress these generalizations. In May 1946, for example, the Chicago Crime Commission under-

took a survey of conditions in the notorious Fifth Police District. It found sixteen families living in a dwelling built for three. It found a lodging house for single persons occupied by 200 families. In dozens of overcrowded tenements, bathroom and cooking facilities were being shared by several families. The Commission reported that:

Meals are prepared by several families on a common range. Cuttings and shootings have followed arguments over the time required to cook a piece of meat. It is very common for entire floors to be equipped with only one bathroom. Numerous men and women are thus thrown into close contact with one another, resulting in quarrels and immorality. Crowded sleeping quarters make it necessary for as many as four people to sleep in one bed.

Only 8 per cent of the people of Chicago live in the Fifth Police District. But this area produces 21 per cent of the city's murders, 12 per cent of its robberies and 25 per cent of its rape cases.

An investigation into a Detroit slum region, conducted in 1940, revealed much the same sort of thing.

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When the test area was compared with a normal residential area, it was found that the former had five times as many crimes, and fifteen times as many criminals. Its infant mortality rate was six times as high and its death rate from tuberculosis ten times as great.

The pattern is the same in the small towns. The popular notion that slums are a more or less exclusive problem of big cities is a total misconception. Every American city, regardless of size, has its slums. The only real difference is that in smaller communities the slums are not so noticeable; they don't fill block after block, as in New York and Chicago.

II

There is another, indirect, way in which the effects of bad housing on the individual may be gauged: by examining the impact on slum-dwellers of a transfer to good living quarters. There are in the United States today about 500,000 people who have been able to move out of the slums and into good, low-rent, public housing projects. These half-million people have, without their knowing about it, served as guinea pigs in a continuing series of studies on the social effects of housing. Housing officials have tried to avoid ringing doorbells and distributing questionnaires; the low-income families value their privacy as much as anyone. Nevertheless, the facts have been dug out, mostly from analyses of police, health and fire department records, and partly from

consultations with school principals and welfare officials. The results of the surveys have been startling.

Probably the most thorough of these tests was one conducted in 1942-43 by the Housing Authority of Newark, New Jersey. Three slum wards in Newark were compared with three low-rent public housing developments, the latter populated by former slum-dwellers. It was found that in the housing development there was 45 per cent less tuberculosis, 21 per cent less juvenile delinquency, 15 per cent fewer infant deaths, 31 per cent fewer children's diseases, 74 per cent fewer fires, 100 per cent fewer deaths from home accidents — and 37 per cent more births. In school, the housing development children had clearly improved with regard to personality traits, health habits and attendance.

The Cincinnati Housing Authority prepared a similar report, with results that were even more encouraging. When it examined the records of publicly-housed tenants with those of persons living in an adjacent slum tract, it found that the latter produced seven times as much juvenile delinquency, three times as many criminal offenses, more than twice as much tuberculosis, seven times as much pneumonia and five times as much infant mortality. There were no fires reported in the housing development; the slum area averaged 18 per 1000 dwellings.

A survey limited to juvenile delinquency in New Haven showed that

it had decreased 48 per cent among 649 children who had moved from slums to public housing projects. In the city as a whole, during the same period of time, juvenile delinquency had increased by 9 per cent.

No Housing Authority in the United States has done more to reclaim broken lives than the one in Pittsburgh. The Pittsburgh development was constructed largely on the tops of hills, where sunshine and fresh air could get into the apartments, and where the city's smoke and dust could be kept to a minimum. The job of grading these hilltops, which had first been envisioned by Dr. Bryn J. Hovde (now director of the New School of Social Research), proved to be one of the biggest engineering projects ever undertaken in the city. It proved to be worthwhile, however. School teachers who had known the slum children both before and after they moved into the housing development remarked the change instantly. Some typical comments of the teachers were: "Cleaner bodies, clothes and homes"; children "frequently remark that it was so nice not to shiver when dressing in the morning"; "fewer doctors' bills"; "truancy is now rare"; "gang feuds have gradually disappeared"; "less tendency to destroy and deface public property"; and "ideas of sportsmanship have improved."

About 250 children from the Terrace Village housing project in Pittsburgh attend the Herron Hill Junior

High School. The school's principal, John H. Morgart, had some apt comments to offer on the change in their lives:

The primary difference lies in the approach to a problem. In the new houses it is guidance; in the slums it is relief. Most families in Terrace Village formerly lived in slums but, given the opportunity to live in better surroundings, are tending to rise to the level of the community. For example, William Jones and his two brothers missed about forty days of school each semester after their mother died in 1936. The father, formerly a good worker, became discouraged and more negligent. The Public Health nurses assisted the school in getting a housekeeper for a limited period, but it was evident we were losing out. Then came a change when the family moved into Terrace Village. The transformation was slow but finally a good home and a good community helped to bring back pride of home life. Note that teachers, Public Health nurses, housekeepers, recreational leaders and others were active, but we didn't see results until a decent home was acquired.

The Pittsburgh children who had moved into these public housing developments were asked, as a school assignment, to write compositions giving their frank opinions of their new homes. The city Housing Authority fearlessly published the essays. They make moving reading. One child wrote:

Things I like about Terrace Village. I like Terrace Village for its nice lawns, its laundries and the nice places to play. There are places to go at night; recreation halls to play in, instead of playing in the streets at night. The way the houses are made so that no kind of bugs or rats can get in. I like some of the people that live

there, they are not nebbey [?]. There are nice big lots to play in.

Things I don't like about Terrace Village. I don't like Terrace Village for these reasons: Nebbey people, walls are too hard to clean, too many people act bosses, too many fights, people write all over the walls.

A similar experiment was performed in Raleigh, North Carolina, and one of the letters elicited from a twelve-year-old girl had this to report:

When you wake up in winter, it's wonderful. You don't worry about making a fire at all. There's hot water any time — most of the time, anyway. There's light and quiet and room for studying here, too. You know, you can't concentrate when you're all jammed up.

III

Although private real estate interests have been leading the fight against public housing, there is a good deal of evidence to show that these interests actually benefit from the local housing developments. Every housing authority can list an encouraging number of tenants who had come from the slums to a public housing project, then left the project and moved — into a good private home. In North Carolina, for example, the records of 306 white and Negro families who had moved from public housing were studied by Sanford Winston, head of the sociology department of the State College. He found that while only 1 per cent of the whites had owned their own homes before living in the housing development, 31 per cent became home-owners afterward. Among the

Negroes, 5 per cent had been owners before, compared to 47 per cent later. Both whites and Negroes were infinitely better housed now than they had been before moving into the housing developments. Bathtubs and private flush toilets were from three to five times as numerous. "In practically none of the cases," Professor Winston commented, "were the families capable of financing a home before they lived in the projects."

This seems to be the way it works out everywhere. The Schenectady Housing Authority took in a family of four which had been paying \$17 a month for a single unheated room in an old, rat-infested house. There had been no stove, and the family had been living entirely on cold food: even the six-month-old baby had been forced to subsist on hard rolls and herring. The father made only \$17 a week. For \$24 a month the Housing Authority was able to provide this family with a complete apartment containing all the utilities. The tenant relations counselor had to show the mother how to use the gas stove, refrigerator and bathtub.

But four years later the father was making enough money to buy a private home with a new bathtub. His wife became a model housekeeper, canning 200 quarts of fruit and vegetables every summer, and providing for the children all the milk they could drink.

Public housing boosters usually emphasize health gains and crime reduction in their arguments. These are

important, of course, but some of the intangible advantages — giving children and adults a chance to achieve dignity and self-respect — are even more vital.

There is a heartbreaking story about a St. Louis family that can be called the Robinsons. They lived in two rooms. Their only water supply was a faucet in the yard, their only toilet a doorless outhouse used by seven families. The Robinsons had two children, a girl of fourteen and a boy of ten. The Housing Authority assigned them a unit with a kitchen, dinette, living room, bathroom and three bedrooms. They were given a key and advised to look the apartment over before signing a lease. When they returned to the tenant relations advisor, the young girl was on the verge of hysteria: the idea of having a bedroom to herself was almost too much for her.

The dignity and self-respect of the former slum-dwellers are also built up by giving them opportunities for healthy social lives. Every housing project has a community life unlike anything that exists in the slums. There is usually a community hall of some sort, and meeting rooms for dances, concerts, amateur shows, handicraft work and a wide range of other activities. The tenants themselves, with the encouragement of the management, usually organize and pay for these activities, although recreation leaders can be supplied by the housing authorities and municipal governments. Most of the larger

projects have their own branch libraries, nursery schools and health clinics. All of them have playground equipment.

But the housing authorities object to any efforts to make these projects entirely self-contained. They want the tenants to mix with the rest of the city; and as a general rule all the activities in any project are kept open to the entire neighborhood. Dances and parties, nursery schools and libraries, are open to anyone who walks in. A Negro project in Jacksonville, Florida, for example, has been provided with more play equipment than any of the municipal playgrounds; and partly because of this it has become the most popular in the city.

IV

A conservative estimate of the number of slum homes in the United States today would run to around 6.8 million, not counting sub-standard rural dwellings. Only 190,000 low-rent public dwellings have been built in the United States in the past ten years. We obviously have a long way to go.

Before public housing can accomplish the job of providing decent living quarters for millions of Americans, a lot of citizens will have to be convinced that it is economically feasible. The most common objection to the housing developments is their cost. It is not difficult to show that the objectors here have very little solid ground to stand on.

The cost of building, financing and operating a low-rent apartment averages \$36.61 a month. To this sum the tenant contributes 64 per cent in rent payments, the Federal government 20 per cent in subsidies and the local government 15 per cent in the form of tax-exemptions. The remaining 1 per cent comes from various other sources.

This method of financing the projects is just about as painless as any that could be devised. The taxpayer's share is held to an absolute minimum. In the five years 1941-45, the Federal subsidy for low-rent housing was less than \$47 million, an average of a little more than \$9 million a year. In an era of \$36 billion budgets this is a drop in the bucket.

In practice, the local tax-exemption laws often cost taxpayers nothing out of pocket. In 1945 local housing authorities voluntarily contributed to tax collectors a total of \$2,285,000, which was actually 74 per cent *more* than the taxes formerly assessed (and never collected in full) on the sites occupied by public housing.

A careful examination of any municipal ledger always shows that it costs the taxpayers more to subsidize existing slums than to build new public housing developments. The cost of slums is indirect, but there is no question that it is always high. Slums provide less revenue from taxes, and they produce a need for more jails, detention homes, clinics, hospitals, police and fire equipment. Clarence E. Moullette, executive

director of the Camden (New Jersey) City Plan Commission, said:

Slums and blighted areas do not pay. Communities which have them (and we all do) are paying heavily year by year in permitting them to exist. If we do nothing, the slum areas will broaden out each succeeding year, constantly reducing tax ratable values until municipalities are operating on deficit borrowings to the point where the whole citizenry is aroused.

In simple dollars-and-cents terms, slums are uneconomic. In Philadelphia, for example, the per capita cost of crime was \$14.56 in a typical slum but only \$5.36 for the city as a whole. In Newark the over-all annual cost of slums was estimated at \$14 million, or \$32 per capita. Every tuberculosis patient produced by the slums cost the city \$1500 a year.

In human terms the cost of the slums is perhaps higher. Sub-standard housing produces sub-standard people; and if any further proof of this truism is required, it was supplied by the *Boston Globe* in a report published four years ago. Among the 60,000 draftees from eastern Massachusetts, the *Globe* reported, rejections for mental deficiencies were 233 per cent higher in Boston slum districts than in suburban towns. Reports from other areas showed these findings to be typical.

It is becoming increasingly clear that Charles Dickens was right when he wrote that:

The reform of . . . habitations must precede all other reforms; and without it all other reforms must fail. . . .

HOW DOCTORS AVOID OPERATIONS

BY LOUIS H. SCHWARTZ, M.D.

SURGERY has made some colossal strides during the past half-century. It has been helped by increased research, better diagnostic methods and improved techniques. The number and variety of conditions susceptible to surgery have multiplied.

And yet, paradoxically, many maladies which were formerly treated by the knife, can now be successfully dealt with by non-surgical methods. Though surgery has lost most of its terrors, many persons still dread operations and will go to almost any length to escape them. There are also many individuals who require surgery, and who are perfectly willing to undergo it, but who, for one reason or another, cannot be operated on. To meet just such situations, and to rob disease of its frightful terror, suffering and expense, the medical profession has devised numerous non-operative procedures, many of which give better results than surgery.

Take the case of children who come into the world with club foot. Formerly, all sorts of tendon and bone-cutting operations were performed on these children. In the early non-

operative treatment the patient was put under ether, the foot stretched forcibly toward the proper position and then set in a plaster cast. Every few weeks the cast would be removed, the child again anesthetized, the foot stretched further towards the normal and another cast applied. This was repeated a number of times, and it was often combined with surgery. The treatment today is infinitely simpler. The deformed foot is merely set in a plaster cast. After about a month the cast is taken off, the foot is directed towards the normal and another plaster jacket is applied. The process is repeated regularly, and in time the foot, which originally resembled a horse's hoof, becomes perfectly human in type. Massage and exercises are used, and the results are more nearly perfect than any ever obtained by the innumerable operations.

The same principle is now regularly used to give sound limbs to children who have the misfortune to be born with one or both hips out of joint (congenital dislocation of the hip). Every such youngster, if he is

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left alone, grows up to be an unsightly cripple; when he walks he waddles like a duck. At one time, not so long ago, these children were permitted to remain deformed until they were older, and strong enough to undergo severe surgical operations. In some instances several operations were performed to give them useful legs, and even then the treatment frequently failed. Today these children are given therapy while they are still infants, and the earlier the better. The displaced hip bone is gently set into the position where its socket should be, and kept there by a brace or a plaster-of-Paris cast. A new socket is gradually formed, and the deformity disappears. This treatment is known as a closed reduction. It involves no cutting of the skin and flesh, and no chiselling of the bone to carve out a hip socket. A cure cannot be guaranteed in every instance; after all, no two cases in medicine are absolutely identical. Moreover, to be effective, closed reduction treatment must begin while the child is still in infancy. But there are more and better cures under this system than under the former.

II

Passing on now to acquired conditions, we may consider first varicose veins of the leg. These engorged blood vessels stand out like hideous, corkscrew welts, with numerous knots and kinks. They are ugly and unsightly and extremely painful, particularly for people who are on their feet a lot,

and there is the constant, added danger that the varicose vessels may rupture and bleed profusely. Often they break down and form nasty, weeping, chronic ulcers. Surgical treatment consists in excising the veins as far as possible. The operation leaves unpleasant scars and is not always successful. The modern treatment consists of a series of sclerosing injections coupled with the binding of the saphenous vein (the vein which supplies the varicose veins). "The procedure," observes Lambert Rogers, "can be carried out in a few minutes with local analgesia or anesthetic. The patient is allowed up on the third day." By using this method, thousands of sufferers have obtained brilliant results either without operation or with only minor surgery. A similar type of sclerosing injection is now become standard treatment for certain common types of hemorrhoids, and the results have been excellent.

The treatment of ulcers of the stomach or intestinal tract is another case in point. Until very recently, nearly everyone suffering from these erosions of the digestive tract was advised to have the ulcer cut out, and the sooner the better. The operations are both costly and severe, and they do not always prevent recurrences. The present tendency, except in cases associated with hemorrhages, is to treat ulcers by diet, rest and medication. The pain, which is caused by the acidity, is diminished by an hourly feeding of sugar solutions. The induction of artificial fever by injections

has also been found to heal many cases. Patients treated along these non-surgical lines have lost their symptoms and remain cured for many years. The results are at least as good as those obtained from operation, and in any event the patients escape the surgical risk, which in this kind of operation is great.

One of the most fearful of all human diseases is hyperthyroidism, or goiter. It produces a rapid pulse, shortness of breath, general weakness and restlessness, psychic disturbances, emaciation, protrusion of the eyes and tremors. The tremors may be so bad that the patient will be unable to bring a glass of milk to his mouth without spilling it. The malady is usually chronic, lasting for many years. Until quite recently, the only practical treatment for severe or even moderately advanced cases was surgery; a part of the thyroid gland was removed. The operation is delicate, requiring great skill and experience; the surgeon must take out just so much, and no more, of the gland. Within the past few years, however, a new drug known as thiouracil has been developed for non-operative treatment of hyperthyroidism. Drs. Beaumont and Dodds in their *Recent Advances in Medicine* state:

In the majority of cases, thiouracil is the treatment of choice. . . . An operation is avoided, the treatment can in some instances, be carried out without putting the patient to bed or even stopping his work and the thyroid activity controlled by carefully regulated dosage, whereas even

the best surgeon has to guess how much of the gland to remove at operation.

As might be expected, a powerful preparation like thiouracil possesses definite toxic properties, and considerable skill is called for in its use. Investigations to reduce or eliminate the toxic qualities are still in progress. A new chemical known as propyl thiouracil has already been developed which is far safer. This does not mean that surgery for goiter has become a thing of the past, but it does mean that it is rapidly on the way out.

III

That the X-rays and radium are employed in the treatment of cancer is a matter of common knowledge. But most people are unfamiliar with the full extent to which both of these remedies are used to avoid operations. In many cases, unfortunately, the cancer patient's only hope of relief lies in surgical excision of the tumor or growth. But there are numerous victims of this disease who are beyond operation, and there are others who have some cancer cells remaining even after surgery. Both types of case get considerable relief from exposures to radium and the Roentgen rays, or from the internal administration of sex hormones. In many instances life can be prolonged in this way for a number of years. There are still other patients who require radiation both before and after operation. And finally, some types of cancer are best treated by radium and X-ray without any surgery. All skin, lip, tongue and

other surface cancers, for example, are now treated by radiation rather than by surgical excision. Some internal cancers, such as cancer of the larynx (which until quite recently was treated almost entirely by surgical removal of the organ of speech), are now rarely operated. Radiation is the standard treatment today, and the patient retains his power to speak.

Since radium is scarce and quite expensive, several other means have been developed to attack cancer, among them an X-ray machine generating millions of volts, the cyclotron, neutron beams, and various inexpensive substances rendered radioactive, including a gas called "radon."

The Roentgen rays play an important rôle in medicine even aside from their use in the treatment of cancer. They are employed also in the struggle against infected lymph glands, the disease known as adenitis. One of the worst types of adenitis is due to tuberculosis, and in this case the X-rays give especially brilliant results. When diseased glands break down, they form ugly, permanent scars. If they happen to be in the neck, and they commonly do, they cause serious disfigurement. Before the use of the X-ray for therapeutic purposes, these tubercular and other infected glands were cut out surgically, and it took a skillful surgeon to do the job. The operations were always extensive, they left hideous welts and the patient was not always cured. Since radiation therapy has been used, however, scars are almost unknown

and permanent cures are the rule, in most instances without any cutting whatever. The doses of X-ray required are so small that no reaction is to be feared.

In the treatment of bleeding muscle tumors of the womb, technically termed uterine fibromas, X-ray therapy also gives results superior to those obtained by surgical means. Hitherto, such cases involved a major abdominal operation, often with sacrifice of the uterus. Today, that is rarely necessary.

Sinus disease is prevalent and dreaded everywhere. There seems to be a general impression that once it is acquired it is never cured. To some extent this notion is true, though frequently it is due to the treatment that was employed. In general, there was too much surgery performed on sinuses; there were instances in which practically all the tissues which form the sinuses, including the soft parts and large portions of the bony structures, were cut out. The medical profession has now come to realize that many of these patients go on suffering even after extensive operations. Consequently, surgery has been supplanted to a considerable extent by simple, non-painful, conservative measures such as aspiration of the secretions, washing the cavities and applying internal heat by diathermy or short-wave treatments. The pain and other disabilities are relieved and the patients go about their affairs without loss of time.

More important, perhaps, is the

fact that sinusitis, mastoiditis, and similar infections of other bones, as well as soft tissues, can now be cured without operation, and can be almost entirely prevented by the use of penicillin. With the aid of penicillin, the number of cases of mastoiditis and sinusitis that come to operation is less than one per cent of what it was a half dozen years ago.

Penicillin has been without doubt the single most potent weapon in the hands of those who have been trying to minimize the use of surgery. To mention just a few examples: Everyone knows that infections with pus-breeding bacteria are very common. Bruises and lacerations easily become infected and develop into abscesses. Before the advent of penicillin, the usual practice was to open the abscess and drain out the pus. Today that is no longer necessary in most cases. If the patient is treated early, the condition is not permitted to develop to the stage where pus forms. Instead, penicillin is applied locally and injected intramuscularly. At present this is routine treatment for cellulitis, adenitis and lymphadenitis. When pus has already formed, it is aspirated from the abscess (*i.e.*, drawn out with a hypodermic syringe) and replaced with a solution of penicillin. Penicillin is also introduced systemically.

Carbuncles and boils formerly required wide excision and sometimes prolonged hospitalization; and they entailed a good deal of suffering. For diabetics, who are especially vulnerable to them, they were quite serious.

Anyone who has ever had a boil cut out knows just how painful the operation could be. Even when the surgery was performed under anesthesia, there was a lot of pain. The daily dressings and packings with gauze could be excruciating. Now, with penicillin, the scalpel is rarely necessary and the patient may be treated at his home or in the doctor's office.

Not infrequently, pus infection develops within a joint. When one of the large articulations is involved, such as the hip joint, the case can be grave; many patients lost their lives under such circumstances. If they survived the operation, they seldom recovered with a flexible joint: as a rule, the joints became ankylosed, or fixed, and the victims limped for the rest of their lives. The modern treatment is amazingly simple — aspiration of the pus and injection of penicillin. Full movement is obtained in nearly every case.

Other infections treated with penicillin are deep within the body, in the brain, in the kidney or even inside the bones. The last-named, *i.e.*, pus attacking and destroying bone, is the disease called osteomyelitis. Surgical treatment entailed curetting or scraping and chiselling out all dead bone and then waiting weeks, months or even years for healing; it left extensive, disfiguring scars, if the patient recovered. Now the situation is completely changed, and Drs. Grace and Bryson, writing in the New York state *Journal of Medicine*, October 15, 1947, state that:

Surgical intervention in acute or chronic osteomyelitis is rarely indicated. The mutilating treatment of osteomyelitis by radical surgery is outmoded.

Another serious disease whose treatment has been completely revolutionized by penicillin is empyema of the chest, *i.e.*, a gathering of pus outside of the lung due to an infection of the pleura or lining membrane of the chest. Empyema is an exceedingly painful malady producing chills, fever, general distress, cough, sweats and shortness of breath. Surgical treatment involved opening the chest wall, and also irrigation and drainage of the pleural cavity. When the pus is thick, an inch or more of one or two ribs had to be removed. Treatment was carried on for weeks, months or years, and sometimes the opening never healed. With the use of penicillin, the case rarely gets to a state requiring more than simple aspirations with a needle and syringe, and injection of penicillin.

IV

Thus far we have been dealing only with organic diseases, *i.e.*, with diseases brought on by an alteration in the structure of tissue or an organ. But there is also the class of "functional" diseases to consider. A functional disease is one in which the organs and tissues are intact but not working properly. The cause of a functional disease is generally an emotional or psychic upset: people afflicted with these maladies include the hypochondriacs, the neurasthen-

ics, and persons suffering from hysteria or some mental illness.

The surest cure for a functional disturbance is psychiatric treatment. But it is not always easy to tell when an ailment is functional and when it is organic: the symptoms may be virtually similar in many cases. Until recently, when there was some confusion on this score, it was not unusual for surgeons to perform an exploratory operation in an attempt to find a physical basis for the disease. Nowadays, the remarkable progress in psychosomatic medicine has made these surgical fishing expeditions largely unnecessary. To illustrate:

A woman complains of a choking sensation, of a lump in her throat and of difficulty in swallowing. She says that she feels as though she has a weight on her chest; sometimes she loses her voice completely. The physician examines her throat, her larynx, her chest, etc., but finds no evidences of any organic condition which might give rise to such symptoms. This does not mean that there is nothing wrong with the woman, or that she is "faking." It does mean, however, that certain elements in her emotional life are being repressed. In this case, her emotional disturbances had caused her to develop symptoms resembling those of cancer of the larynx.

This is not an unusual situation. Other patients present different pictures, with symptoms simulating appendicitis, gall bladder disease, gastric ulcer, hypertension, heart or kidney disturbance, brain tumor and many

others. Obviously, in the absence of organic derangement, such individuals do not require surgery: they need to understand the nature of their emotional upset, to know what is back of their disorder. When they find out, the treatment consists of getting them to revise their lives accordingly.

It is true that many of these non-operative measures cannot give cures in every case, and true also that many of the cures they do provide are not permanent. It must be borne in mind that the situation is unfortunately the same in surgery. With the non-operative measures, there is usually far less risk involved and a smaller loss of time. In this connection, we

might observe that with the present shortage of hospital facilities throughout the country, non-operative measures which can be carried out either at home or in physicians' offices can play a big part in conserving space. Furthermore, in escaping the knife many patients are spared mental agony and a good measure of expense. It would be unreasonable to expect that the scalpel will some day become obsolete, but as our knowledge of the causes and processes of disease grows, surgery will become more and more limited to plastic repairs. Surgery will continue to improve, but at the same time a greater variety of conditions now amenable only to the knife will yield to non-surgical measures,

DEFINITIONS

BY JOSEPH JOEL KEITH

"Honor," said the man,
"is character, immaculate
belief, integrity.
Honor is holding one's name
as the sun by day,
as a star by night,
as a candle if dark creeps
into the heart or mind.
Honor is the immeasurable
pride of man, the forward striving
of man toward immortality,
the impeccable fruition."

"Honor," said the child,
"is never telling another,
and never telling yourself
a lie."

DOWN TO EARTH

by ALAN DEVOE



NOT IN THE BOOKS

SOME of the most curious, interesting and suggestive events that occur (or are said to occur) in the fields and the woods are events that never gain admission to the textbooks of natural history. Instead, they remain the stuff of stories that pass from farmer to fisherman, hunter to trapper. They are a part of the lore of outdoorsmen, but they are excluded from the chronicles of science.

Some of them are excluded, as any scientist would quickly and coldly insist, because they are patently myths. Others are omitted from the textbooks for the less compelling reason that they have been observed and are attested only by persons who are not formal or technical scientists, and who presumably therefore — according to the canon of a prevalent sort of scientific snobbery — are not competent as observers or reliable as reporters. And then there is a third category of outdoor events which are omitted from the textbooks, ap-

parently, simply because they are not the kind of events which interest or excite the kind of people who prepare natural history texts. Thus it is possible to look up the subject of wolves, say, in a dozen good volumes of mammalogy, and learn every imaginable detail of wolves' anatomy, diet, range, variant coloration, weight, dentition and economic significance, without ever finding any reference to the eerie canniness with which wolves sometimes secure their prey by teamwork. The teamwork hunting-techniques of wolves — or of keen dogs, for that matter — are an immensely exciting thing for all of us who respond to animals with a sense of their living animality; and the attempt to enter into the mind of a wolf, and realize something of what is occurring there when the beast engages with other wolves in the staging of an ambush, is enough to start a man speculating fascinatedly upon the whole huge problem of consciousness and its degrees and kinds. But a man might read a dozen textbooks and never

hear of wolf-teamwork at all. Its description and discussion have largely been left to such frowned-on popularizers as the late Ernest Thompson Seton and Enos Mills.

There could be written an engrossing book devoted to all the asserted animal behaviors and wildlife-events which the standard scientific works on animal life omit. A naturalist without other demands upon his time might profitably devote his career to investigating personally, one by one, the whole long list of trappers' tales and hunters' allegations, testing at first-hand which ones are true and which ones are only notions, and then preparing a book which would thicken-out and vivify the portraits of individual animals in a way the textbooks forever fail to do. Does a wily rat, or a raccoon or any other animal, ever spring a trap with a stick? There are plenty of trappers to say confidently, and as a personal observation, that it happens. There are plenty of scientists, vastly learned in the laboratory science and theory of psychology, to deny it. The textbooks remain silent, not mentioning the matter even to refute it, and our life-portraits of rat and raccoon are by that much the thinner and less alive. Do squirrels ever cross water by using leaves or bits of bark as rafts? Do foxes ever "play 'possum"? How about the story of a buck deer protectively confusing the trail of doe or fawns? Events like these — if in fact they are events, and not just campfire yarnings — want looking into.

The naturalist who can devote a lifetime to investigating, with an altogether unprejudiced mind, these abundant extra-textbook items of nature-lore, will likely find that most of the "whoppers" are whoppers indeed: the merest folk-myth, the merest inventions of lonely hunters' and trappers' imaginations. Even so, it will be a service to have achieved the tales' definitive refutation. More valuably, it will incontestably be found that some of the alleged events are real and some of the stories true.

I say it will incontestably be found. I say so with sureness because, though I cannot give my lifetime to investigation of all the stories, I do give my lifetime to intensive watching of the particular wild creatures that occur on the particular hundred-odd acres of mountain and woods and brook and meadows that are my own living laboratory; and I know of my own knowledge that wild creatures do many things that are not to be found recited in the reference-works; and that they do some of the things, at least, that woodsmen and countrymen have long said they do, all skeptical criticism notwithstanding.

This department of the *MERCURY* is customarily written with the kind of disembodied formality that omits the first personal pronoun. In fact, however, it is of course largely a personal record. When it is written, "The woodchuck does thus-and-such," the words are only an alteration, for publication, of "The woodchuck that lived in my buckwheat field last year

did thus-and-such, and so did the woodchuck over by the big shagbark hickory." When it is written, "The weasel pursues its prey implacably," the statement sums up and stands upon what I have seen of weasels over the years, as I have watched them loping over this or that part of my snowy acreage. This month I write directly in the first person, for it is the only way to tell the two small stories I want to tell. They are stories about two nature-events of the kind that are "not in the books."

II

The first story concerns a white-footed mouse, the little tawny-backed deer-mouse that is one of our commonest mammals. White-Foot, in the winter, frequently makes his way into the deep, earth-floored cellar of our old farmhouse. By midwinter the mice have often lost much of their shyness. I can watch a White-Foot sitting on one of the cellar storage-shelves, preening his whiskers.

I was watching one, on a day a few winters back, as he investigated some jars and jugs and boxes of nails and the like. He came presently upon a small loosely stoppered jug of very old molasses. (Why this had been preserved need not be explained; it has to do with making a peculiar brew with which big moths are lured on summer nights.) A brief and expert tussle with the cork fetched it loose for White-Foot. He peered; he sniffed; he was delighted. A mouse cannot reach far enough down inside

a jug-neck to get at the contents. No. But he has his methods. White-Foot mounted the jug-neck, inserted the tip of his tail into it, and sat down. Rising, he hauled up a tail-load of molasses as efficiently as a man hauling a bucket up out of a well.

That is the first story. In a recent book of mine I incorporated the fact that a white-footed mouse employs this curious and entertaining technique. Promptly came a letter from a sardonic reader. Where on earth, he wondered, had I dug up *that* picturesque bit of fable?

I could but reply, with simple gravity and truth, that I had dug it up in my cellar.

The second story I want to tell is about a deer. The thing happened in hunting-season three autumns ago. I had heard shots, over across the mountain, and then presently shouts and callings; and I stood still in a small clearing, surmising that a buck was being hunted (inefficiently), and hoping to have a look at him should he come over the line onto my protected land. I had my look.

He was a small buck, and had just been trivially grazed in the shoulder, but he was winded and heaving and thoroughly done-up when he burst lumberingly right into the clearing where I stood. He came out of the woods perhaps 30 feet from me. We looked at one another. Over the hill the idiotic din of shouting was loud in the ears of both of us.

Slowly but unhesitatingly the panting buck walked toward me. He

came closer, closer, until he was so near by my side that I could touch him. Very gradually and gently I raised my hand. I laid it on the buck's heaving shoulder. I could feel him shudder and tremble for an instant at the touch, but then he grew quiet and relaxed. He was safe.

We stood like that for what I suppose was in fact only two or three minutes, though it seemed longer; and then the buck glanced at me, gave a kind of little preliminary start, and then went bounding away across the clearing and into the woods on the other side and out of my ken forever.

III

The queer and comical proficiency of a white-footed mouse with his tail is not mentioned in any of the hundred or so textbooks of animal life that stand on my shelves. Possibly the matter is omitted because it is thought trivial, and less important to an understanding of White-Foot's life than a set of statistics about his teeth. More likely — as I take it from my correspondent's withering letter — it is one of those bits of animal lore that was dismissed years ago as a mere myth, a mere countryman's taradiddle, like the squirrel's floating on a bark-chip and the 'coon's springing a trap with a twig. I am moved again to think of what a richness our animal-knowledge may be missing, until some naturalist, patient and unprejudiced, shall have a life to give to

investigating all these unscientific items of animal lore, one by one, and shall prepare a book of his findings. Do squirrels ever float on bark-chips? I do not know. It seems very unlikely; and the volumes of mammalogy do not allude to it. But I know something improbable that a white-footed mouse can do; and it is not in the books.

Back when I was a boy, there was a great spate in this country of sentimental nature-writing: the work of romantics dreaming dreams of the Golden Age, writing idylls of the Natural Man, sighing for Eden. In these books there recurred again and again the notion that animals, even very shy ones, when in great pain or fear or trouble, would sometimes come for help or sanctuary to man. It was a queerly lovely notion. My earliest instructors in science smashed it briskly. I had not thought of it again for many, many years. Not until three autumns ago, when I learned, from a spent buck deer, that the notion has not merely a sentimental attraction but has the merit of being true.

That a deer may do so strange and thought-provoking a thing is at least as worth mentioning in our natural histories of the deer, surely, as the details of how antlers develop. It is not merely an emotion-touching piece of lore, relevant to the origins of our great racial legends. It is an arresting piece of plain natural history. It is not in the books.

THE FARCE OF HONORARY DEGREES

BY ADOLPH E. MEYER

NEARLY three hundred years ago, Harvard College conferred an S.T.D. (Doctor of Sacred Theology) upon its president, Increase Mather. In so doing the College not only paid fitting homage to Mather's proficiency as a devil-chaser, but also inaugurated in America the practice of adorning the illustrious great with honorary degrees. Since then the great mills of learning have converted many battalions of Americans into Doctors of glittering titles: saintly S.T.D.s and D.D.s, learned L.H.D.s and Litt.D.s, judicial D.C.L.s and LL.D.s. On occasions when the feats of the honored have been so dazzling that even the lofty LL.D. seemed a puny tribute, the colleges have met the emergency by inventing a batch of superfine, custom-built degrees. Pennsylvania Military College, for example, hailed the splendor of baseball's Connie Mack with a D.P.E. (Doctor of Physical Education); Oglethorpe University perceived in William Green of the AFL all the qualities that go into a D.P.S. (Doctor of Public Service); and Beaver College of Jenkintown, Pennsylvania, outdid all precedent in saluting Admiral Byrd as a D.F.F.

(Doctor of Faith and Fortitude).

Of all the accolades distributed every year by the higher learning it is the LL.D., the *Legum Doctor*, which is the most prized. The dream of every aspiring congressman and bank president in the land, it is the hallmark of a man of parts. Henry Ford, Owen D. Young, John D. Rockefeller, Westbrook Pegler, J. Edgar Hoover, Grover Aloysius Whalen, Bernard Baruch, Raymond Gram Swing, Lowell Thomas, George Fisher Baker, Jr., William Randolph Hearst, James Aloysius Farley, Thomas William Lamont, Robert Rutherford McCormick, Governor Thomas Edmund Dewey, the Reverend Charles Coughlin — all these were named Doctors of Law.

A right-thinking man like Senator Robert Alphonso Taft quite naturally has not one but several LL.D.s, whereas characters like Senator Robert Wagner of New York and Chester Bowles have none at all. Over such pillars of normalcy as the late Messrs. Harding, Coolidge, Charles Schwab, Andrew Mellon and Elbert Gary, LL.D.s were poured by the barrel. The colleges are quick to smell sub-

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versive juices in men like Justice Brandeis, Senator Norris and Clarence Darrow, none of whom ever got an honorary degree. On the other hand, the great idealist, Doctor Dale Carnegie, was appropriately anointed by the Maryland College for Women, as was the incomparable Doctor Bing Crosby, who was put into the doctoral robes, *honoris causa*, by Gonzaga University of Spokane, Washington. Since then St. Joseph's College has seen fit to bestow Doctorates of Law on James and Marian Jordan ("Fibber McGee and Molly").

Though the colleges try to limit their awards to safe and sane, 100 per cent Americans, now and then, alas, they have been misled. In 1906, for example, Washington and Jefferson was so convinced of the eminence of Oswald Garrison Villard that it made him an LL.D., and a few years later Lafayette followed suit. But in 1918 Dr. Villard became editor of the *Nation* and at once began to whoop for the Bill of Rights, with the result that since then only faraway Oregon and Howard University, a school for Negroes, have dared to honor him.

What happened to Villard also happened to the elder Robert M. LaFollette. As far back as 1901 the University of Wisconsin deemed him sufficiently great to make him an honorary Doctor of Laws. But in time LaFollette deserted the highroads of normalcy and became suffused with the heresies of progressivism, with the result that he got no more academic dignities.

There is the case of Charles Beard, historian. Esteemed in 1917 as an illustrious American, Beard received an LL.D. from De Pauw University. But no sooner had Beard been thrust into the doctoral gown than he started his war for academic freedom against Nicholas Murray Butler, then in his prime at Columbia University. Had Beard's normalcy remained untarnished, he could no doubt have snared just as many honorary degrees as his less gifted though more conventional fellow-historian, James Truslow Adams, who has to date plucked an LL.D. from Rhode Island State College, L.H.D.s from Wesleyan, Lehigh and Pittsburgh, and Litt.D.s from Princeton, Columbia and NYU.

A sad case is that of Richard Whitney. In 1932, at its centennial commencement, New York University conferred its prized D.C.S. (Doctor of Commercial Science) upon Mr. Whitney, then president of the New York Stock Exchange. A short time later Dr. Whitney, as is well known, was ignominiously marched off to Sing Sing.

NYU's bitter experience may have been taken as a warning by others; today no one, not even the President of the Republic, can hope to receive honorary letters unless he has first been carefully inspected. Not so long ago, when Baylor University, the Baptist institution located at Waco, Texas, first thought of transforming President Truman into a Doctor of Laws, it was emphatically reprimanded by the Baptist General Con-

vention. The Chief Executive, it seems, had made no secret of his occasional poker playing and whisky bibbing, and this counted against him: "It is a thrust at the age-old principles of Baptists for anyone anywhere to go on playing his poker and drinking his bourbon and still remain in the Baptist Church." Whereupon the Convention voted to order all Baptist colleges not to give degrees "to those holding such a position." Baylor gave him the accolade anyway, after hesitating for a year.

President Truman has had no difficulty at all in building up a collection of LL.D.s. Since he entered the White House his worth has been recognized by Elton College, Georgetown University, the University of Kansas City, Westminster College, Fordham University, William Jewell College and Washington University, in addition to Baylor.

II

Ordinarily college trustees have no trouble in finding distinguished Americans worthy of doctoral honors. It even happens occasionally that they are able to reward men who, though they began their ways as skeptics or even radicals, were able in time to mend their erring ways. Such a man, for example, is Walter Lippmann, who as a rising man of letters used to shake the status quo in writing for the *New York World* and the *New Republic*, but who now has mellowed sufficiently to write for the *Herald Tribune*, and has been recognized as

Legum Doctor by Washington and Jefferson, Wisconsin and Michigan, and as *Litterarum Doctor* by Columbia.

Another transformation was that of the late Alfred Emmanuel Smith. In the days when Al sported a brown derby, only the voters appeared to esteem his qualities, while the universities passed him by. After he exchanged his lowly bowler for a shiny silk topper, paid his dues in the Liberty League, and plunged into philippics against Roosevelt and the New Deal, the universities smiled upon him. Then came LL.D.s from Columbia, Harvard, Fordham, the University of the State of New York, and Manhattan, plus a Litt.D. from Catholic University of America.

Our colleges and universities miss few who help in the building of culture in the New World. Generous approbation has been accorded to boxer-cum-cognoscente Gene Tunney (Arnold College) and lovelorn-columnist Dorothy Dix (Tulane). For her work in keeping America uncontaminated by alien heresies, Edith Scott Magna, former president-general of the DAR, got an LL.D. from the American International College at Springfield, Illinois. The late Marion Sayle Taylor, whose heart-to-heart talks over the radio as the Voice of Experience once made him a rival of the omniscient Mr. Anthony, received an LL.D. in 1935 from William Jewell College of Liberty, Missouri. The Hon. John Francis Neylan, who is Mr. Hearst's favorite attorney and has fought "good causes" in this

land almost as valiantly as Mr. Hearst himself, was made an LL.D. by Oglethorpe in 1936. Only a year earlier Oglethorpe had honored Mr. Hearst himself.

Naturally, the colleges have not overlooked a moral man like Will Hays; for his relentless effort to keep the American movies pure he was made a doctor of laws by Wabash, Mount Union, and Lincoln Memorial University. His successor, Eric Johnston, former president of the Chamber of Commerce, started his Hollywood career where Will Hays left off, with three LL.D.s, from Witworth College, of Spokane, Washington, Whitman College of Walla Walla, Washington, and Rhode Island State College.

If a man's worth may be reckoned by the number of his honorary degrees, then the late William Lyon Phelps, professor of literature at Yale, was clearly one of the very best. In 1921 he brought down a brace of Litt.D.s, one from Brown and another from Colgate. Thereafter his string of doctorates grew faster than a tapeworm, with Litt.D.s from McMaster, Columbia, Lafayette and Vermont. NYU made him an L.H.D. in 1927 and Muhlenberg consecrated him once more in 1931. Dr. Phelps' first LL.D. came in 1927, from Kalamazoo College. Kalamazoo was soon imitated by Yale, Dennison and Miami Universities and Oxford College in Tennessee. It remained for Syracuse, however, to measure Dr. Phelps' true worth. In 1930 it made him an S.T.D.,

thereby putting him on the same exalted plane as Increase Mather. A decade later the indefatigable Dr. Phelps plucked D.C.L.'s from Jefferson Medical College, Hahnemann Medical College and Pennsylvania Military College.

III

That the nation's bankers and industrialists are men of great distinction, noted for achievement and service, is a fact well known, and hence it is only natural that they should have pre-eminent places on the academic roll of honor. NYU has made doctors out of such dignitaries as J. P. Morgan, Jr., George Fisher Baker, Jr., Owen D. Young, Myron Charles Taylor, Thomas Coleman du Pont, Paul Warburg, Jacob Schiff, Daniel Guggenheim, Elbert H. Gary and Norman H. Davis. Upon most of these savants NYU conferred the D.C.S., a degree it reserves for the *very* great. But to the late Clarence Hungerford MacKay, head of the Postal Telegraph and a patron of the Metropolitan Opera, as well as the father-in-law of Irving Berlin, NYU appropriately awarded a Doctorate of Music.

A first-rate captain of industry is usually as well fixed with doctoral diplomas and citations as he is with stocks and bonds. A man like Walter Gifford, president of the American Telephone and Telegraph Company, has LL.D.s from Williams and Colgate, a D.Sc. from Oberlin and a D.C.L. from Union. The Hon. Gerard Swope of the General Electric Com-

pany, has an LL.D. from Colgate, a D.Eng. from Stevens, and a cluster of D.Sc.s from Rutgers, Union and Washington University in St. Louis. The Hon. Henning W. Prentis, Jr., president of the Armstrong Cork Company and a former president and director of the National Association of Manufacturers, has LL.D.s from Hampden-Sydney, Pennsylvania, Cincinnati and Grove City College. The late Henry Ford, who once boasted he didn't read books because they muddled up his mind, was apparently forgiven for his lack of scholarly discernment; Michigan made him a D.Eng., while Colgate gave him an LL.D. in the belief, as it declared, that "this man is of that select company assured perpetuity of fame."

The late Andrew Mellon was unusually well endowed with honorary degrees, but among all our industrialists the champion degree-getter is without question Owen D. Young. To date Dr. Young has the LL.D. from Union, Tufts, Harvard, Dartmouth, Johns Hopkins, Colgate, Yale, Rutgers, Princeton, Lehigh, Brown, California, Wesleyan, Notre Dame, Nebraska, Marietta, Syracuse and Columbia. In addition he has a first-rate assortment of L.H.D.s, Litt.D.s and D.C.S.s.

Undoubtedly Dr. Young could have written more honorary letters after his name than any other mortal man had it not been for the late Nicholas Murray Butler and Herbert Hoover. Although Dr. Butler was not as spangled as Dr. Hoover, his was a

dazzling collection of honorary gauds. The shrines of learning which cast their tributes upon him include Yale, Princeton, Harvard, Johns Hopkins, Chicago, Syracuse, Pennsylvania, Williams, Dartmouth, Brown, Amherst, Tulane, Wesleyan, Toronto, St. Andrew's, Manchester, Oxford, Cambridge, Glasgow, Paris, Strassburg, Nancy, Louvain, Rome, Edinburgh, Santo Domingo, Puerto Rico, Lyon, Prague, Sofia and Szeged.

Dr. Butler, after all, was a man of learning; Herbert Hoover enjoys no such advantage, but he has beaten Dr. Butler's record. Just how many honorary degrees the former President has is somewhat uncertain, because his collection is forever on the increase. When last counted, however, there were about sixty, most of them, naturally, LL.D.s. Most of the academies of higher learning which draped Dr. Butler with the doctoral sash have also bestowed their favor upon Dr. Hoover. The ex-President has also been honored by Penn College, of Oskaloosa, Iowa, and Cornell College, of Mt. Vernon, Iowa. And if Dr. Hoover has no honorary degree from Szeged, he does at least have one from Lvov.

Statesmen who operate in the national capital for any length of time can usually bring down honorary LL.D.s almost at will. Only in those few cases where a man's ideals do not quite measure up to the lofty standards of American Service have the colleges been slow in offering their badge of merit. It was only a few years ago,

for example, that the cautious University of Wisconsin deemed it safe to make Senator Robert LaFollette, Jr., a Doctor of Laws. Justice Felix Frankfurter was passed by until 1940, when Amherst at last took a chance on him with an LL.D. James Aloysius Farley was made a Doctor of Civil Law in 1933 by the University of the South, of Sewanee, Tennessee, and again two years later by Lincoln Memorial University. Dr. Farley fetched his first LL.D. from Canisius College, of Buffalo, in the same year, and since then the stamp of greatness has been put upon him by Manhattan, John Marshall, Niagara, and Hendrix College of Conway, Arkansas.

The greatness of Alf Landon was known to a few alert colleges long before he trod into the national arena. It is to the everlasting credit of Washburn College, of Topeka, Kansas, that the former governor of Kansas was awarded the right to don the flowing robes of a Doctor of Laws. Governor Dewey of New York has honorary titles from Tufts, Brown, Dartmouth, St. Lawrence, Union, Fordham and NYU. The Hon. James Michael Curley, once governor of Massachusetts and then a representative in Congress, who was convicted of fraud in the Federal courts, has not only an LL.D., but also an honorary D.O. (Doctor of Oratory) from the renowned Staley College of the Spoken Word, of Boston. The only other famous American to share this distinction with Dr. Curley is Mrs. Mannie White Colvin, for many

years the driving power behind the WCTU.

As a class the clergy have been even more favored than the nation's bankers and politicoes. An obscure rural pastor, if he works diligently, has little trouble in snaring at least a D.D. The LL.D.s, the D.C.L.s and the coveted S.T.D.s are of course reserved for the very greatest. The Right Rev. Bishop William Thomas Manning, for example, had a D.D. from the University of the South as early as 1901. It was not until many years later, however, that Dr. Manning received S.T.D.s from Columbia, Hobart and Princeton and an LL.D. from NYU. Francis Cardinal Spellman has only one S.T.D., but this is from Rome itself. The Cardinal also has a D.Litt. from Jefferson Medical College and an L.H.D. from the ever appreciative NYU. As for his LL.D. record, it is far better than that of Bishop Manning. In one year alone, the Cardinal received LL.D.s from Notre Dame, Manhattan and Fordham. Up to a few years ago Rabbi Stephen Wise had only a common undergraduate degree from a theological seminary; this has now been remedied with LL.D.s from Temple University, Bates and Roanoke.

IV

In times of peace the Republic's military and naval dignitaries tend to go unnoticed. But when General Pershing returned from the First World War he was bombarded with salvos of honorary letters all over the

country. General Douglas MacArthur now leads the list of honorary military doctors to emerge from World War II. He has five LL.D.s, including one from the University of the Philippines. General George Marshall has a D.Sc. from Washington and Jefferson, besides a couple of LL.D.s he received in 1941. At its June 1946 commencement Harvard demonstrated once and for all that it still leads American higher learning by limiting its honorary degrees almost entirely to the highly polished brass. Its LL.D.s went to General Henry H. Arnold, General Alexander A. Vandergift, General Dwight D. Eisenhower, Admiral Chester W. Nimitz, and to Generals George C. Marshall and Douglas MacArthur, both *in absentia*.

The lofty ideals which inspire the award of honorary degrees is demonstrated in the citations which accompany them. Thus, in 1922, when Princeton awarded its LL.D. to President Warren Gamaliel Harding, it said:

Our people are one in honoring his readiness to seek the best advice . . . his capable handling of complicated difficulties . . . and self-effacing modesty. The sweeping away of extravagant waste . . . shows him a master of finance. . . . He stands in the tradition of Lincoln, a man of the people . . . heeding the will of the people and the need of the world.

Witness New York University's tribute to Richard Whitney:

Harvard claims you, with unquestioned right, but your career in the world of finance has now become of nation-wide significance; and that significance has been

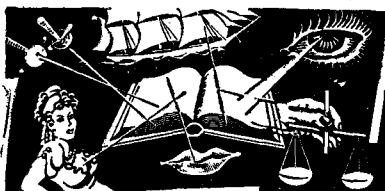
enhanced by your open and informative interpretation of that vast institution over which you preside. . . .

When NYU adorned the enchanting Grover Whalen with its doctorate it compared him to Alexander of Macedon.

Now and then some one will decline an honorary degree. Grover Cleveland turned one down and William McKinley refused to be honored by Harvard. Some people spurn honorary letters because they cannot believe that they are in the same class as Gene Tunney, Dale Carnegie and Dorothy Dix.

A good many others, however, fear that if they accept an LL.D., or even one of the lesser honorary adornments, they will be expected to make a cash donation to the college treasury. Such was the case of Dr. William Randolph Hearst, who got his LL.D. from Oglethorpe after he had made a small gift of \$100,000 and four hundred acres of beautifully wooded real estate. Syracuse not only gave the late Dr. Archbold, once a giant in Standard Oil, its highest honors, but it also made him immortal by naming its huge athletic stadium after him (Dr. Archbold financed a good part of it). Harvard gave the esteemed George Fisher Baker an LL.D. in 1926, just after he had donated several millions for a new School of Business Administration. And even Dr. Bing Crosby was not anointed by Gonzaga University until he had financed the purchase of a new water wagon for the football team.

THE LIBRARY



THE PHILOSOPHY OF HISTORY

by BEN RAY REDMAN

"WHAT shall I do to be saved?" cried John Bunyan's Christian, and his words echo through the world today, with English-speaking voices the loudest of all among the troubled chorus. Fear and a sense of impotence have laid their cold hands on Western Man. Having shrunk the planet with his science, as Amazonian Indians shrink human heads; having pried open the doors of countries that sought to seal themselves against alien progress; having, in the pride of his reason, forced nature's most secret locks, he now looks on what he has wrought, and is scared nearly witless. But not quite. He has wit enough to consult the doctors of his tribe, and they in turn are ready with prescriptions more or less charged with hope.

At the heart of the situation, of course, lies war. Always one of humanity's chief occupations, war has so successfully enlisted the services of the most ingenious minds that it promises, next time, to be the equiva-

lent of race suicide. Or, at least and best, the death of civilization. So there must be no next time. But how can we prevent the fateful occurrence?

The answers are many, if often unimpressive, but here we shall consider only two: those of Arnold J. Toynbee, philosopher-historian, and of Pitirim A. Sorokin, historian-sociologist. The name of Sorokin is not yet famously current in popular magazines and women's clubs, for no one has condensed the four fat volumes of his *Social and Cultural Dynamics* in the way that D. C. Somervell has boiled down the first six volumes of Toynbee's *A Study of History*, thereby reducing it to a unit that may be easily paid for, and easily carried home from a bookshop, even though it may not be so easily read by all who buy and tote. Here, however, Sorokin will take precedence of Toynbee, for the former's *The Reconstruction of Humanity* [\$3, Beacon Press] is devoted wholly to the problem of our survival, whereas Toynbee's *Civilization on Trial* [\$3.50, Oxford University Press] deals with other subjects as well. In reading the summary of Sorokin's prescription one should remember

that he prides himself on his scientific approach to sociological history, and that his *Dynamics* rests on a broad statistical base, laboriously established.

Sorokin's program for abolishing war is radical and comprehensive. Partial measures and "quack cures" evoke his eloquent contempt. He chimes with the song that declares it must be all, or nothing at all. Those would-be physicians who place their faith in the spread of democratic ideas and ideals are fools. Look at democracy's record! Equally foolish are those who would seek antidotes to war in universal education, free enterprise, or legal action: the mounting horrors of war have kept pace with the rise of education; free enterprise has carried us into history's most destructive conflicts; law is always powerless unless it expresses the true convictions of those for whom it has been made.

Monopoly of weapons by one nation is no answer, the possibility of controlled armaments is only wishful thinking, and the fear of destructive weapons has never proved a check on war. Religion, particularly Christianity, is a failure because it has not been practiced. The United Nations organization is faultily conceived and necessarily incompetent. World Government could seem a solution only to men who had never heard of civil war.

From 500 B.C. up to 1925 A.D. in the history of Greece, Rome, and later European countries there were 967 international wars. Within the same period in the his-

tory of the same countries there were about 1623 civil wars, that is, wars occurring within the limits of a given sovereign state. The major civil wars were as devastating as the large-scale international wars.

In this opening portion of his argument, where he is concerned with demolishing current fallacies, Sorokin often labors the obvious; but he is justified by the popular faith in many of these same fallacies, and his destructive efforts are only a prelude to what he believes is constructive thinking. What is the character of that thought?

II

Love is the key-word. There can be no peace without altruism, and our sole hope lies in its universal dissemination. Because of the indivisible unity of socio-cultural phenomena, the campaign must be waged simultaneously on three fronts: cultural, social, and personal.

If we desire to eliminate war and to establish a harmonious world order, we must pay the fullest price for this value: we must transform in a creatively altruistic direction all human beings, all social institutions, and the entire culture of mankind in all its compartments, including science, religion, law and ethics, the fine arts, economics, and politics. Otherwise all attempts are doomed to be abortive and to prove harmful rather than beneficial.

This is a totalitarian program with a vengeance. But, according to Sorokin, nothing less will do. The unity of Western medieval culture, based on the ultimate "true-reality value" of God, has broken down, been atomized. So we must achieve a

new unity, even more comprehensive than the old, and a new absolute, with subsidiary values and norms that are universally held. To do this we must abandon the false and fractional values of our "sensate" culture, and seek truth through the exercise of superconscious powers (following the examples and techniques of western and eastern mystics) until we have made ourselves mere instrumentalities of the Godhead, or Divine Manifold. In brief, the human race must transform itself into a communion of saints.

The magnitude of this task might dismay some of us, but not Sorokin. He admits that the prospects of success are "somewhat dubious," but he assures us that "a genuine fighting chance assuredly exists," and he sees no reason why all that he proposes should not "be accomplished in orderly and peaceful fashion through the willing and concerted action of individuals and groups, guided by their consciousness, conscience, and superconsciousness." Nor should the transformation necessarily try our patience, since "the process may be effected in the comparatively short space of a few decades instead of requiring centuries."

Here, indeed, is faith at its full. And what makes it all the more remarkable is that Sorokin firmly believes that mankind has seldom if ever been more debased than it is today: we are sunk, he tells us, in a foul bog of "sensate" culture, the features of which he has itemized with scientific

thoroughness and profound personal disgust. In other words, he would appear to believe that a miracle of virtuous energy, unparalleled in human records, may be successfully performed by a society in which, according to his own most careful estimates, virtue is at its historical nadir.

One can hardly wonder, in the face of his faith, that he has not thought it worth while to grapple with the comparatively minor problem of how to keep all the nations abreast in the march towards sainthood; a problem that might prove to be not so minor after all, since it is obvious that, once a nation or nations lagged, the happy forward-lookers would suddenly and most unhappily be at the mercy of the unregenerate stragglers. But it is time to turn from the historian-sociologist to the philosopher-historian.

III

Turning, we encounter conclusions that were at least vaguely perceptible, years ago, to all readers of *A Study of History* in its original form. Now those conclusions are explicit. As we scanned the six volumes, triad by triad, with all their marvelous wealth of documentary erudition, we could see with increasing clarity the direction in which their author was heading: now, in this collection of related papers on the world's civilizations, the author's destination is announced without ambiguity.

Toynbee, like Sorokin, believes in the ultimate necessity of human saintliness; but he does not seem to

share the sociologist's conviction that it may be just around the corner. The fact that there never has been a communion of saints on earth does not discourage him, however. The explanation of this is that no human society has ever completed its communal enterprise. "Civilization, as we know it, is a movement and not a condition, a voyage and not a harbour. No known civilization has ever reached the goal of civilization yet."

Religion, Toynbee announces without reservation, "is the serious business of the human race." Salvation "is the true end of man and the true purpose of life on Earth." And, these things being so, it may be deemed fortunate by all Christians, at least, that "The Christian soul can attain, while still on Earth, a greater measure of man's greatest good than can be attained by a pagan soul in this earthly stage of its existence."

Like Sorokin, who considers religious hermits and isolated ascetics the most altruistic of men, Toynbee holds that "Seeking God is itself a social act." No mystic can take the first step towards union with God unless he is imbued with love of his fellow men. "The antithesis between trying to save one's soul by seeking and following God and trying to do one's duty to one's neighbour is therefore wholly false." (The fact that the records largely fail to support this thesis seems to bother neither Russian nor Englishman.)

Salvation is the end of man, and it may even be demonstrated finally

that the ultimate function of rising and falling civilizations is to produce ever higher religious; Christianity — product of the encounter between a Graeco-Roman and a Syrian civilization — being, of course, the highest that has yet appeared. But this is the long, long view. Meanwhile, disaster is close upon us. What has Toynbee to say under the shadow of this imminence?

The papers in *Civilization on Trial* cover a considerable period of years, but those pertinent to the present enquiry are recent, and their lines of thought are reasonably consistent. The most important effect of our age, as Toynbee sees it, has been the impact of Western civilization upon all other living societies. The tiny minority of the Western middle class "is the leaven that in recent times has leavened the lump and has thereby created the modern world." But now the West faces the alien civilization of Russia, with its Byzantine, Orthodox heritage; the two rival powers are struggling to win the political and ideological adherence of the peoples who lie between them in a kind of no-man's land; and the struggle lethally threatens not only the contestants but the whole world.

To obviate this threat, Toynbee proposes in several papers several courses of action. His least drastic suggestion is based on the vague hope that the nations of western Europe might achieve a way of life, somewhere between Russian Communism and American capitalism, which would

serve as an example to both sides and help to break down the barriers between the two.

At another point he declares that the great plagues of civilizations have been War and Class, that between them they have managed to "kill off nineteen out of twenty representatives of this recently evolved species of human society." Until recently our survival has been made possible by the limitations of their powers, but their potency has been so vastly increased that "Class has now become capable of irrevocably disintegrating Society, and War of annihilating the entire human race." We must, then, abolish both evils without flinching or failure; or see "them win a victory over man which, this time, would be conclusive and definitive."

And in still another place, in his title essay, having posed Christian's question, he answers it as follows:

In politics, establish a constitutional co-operative system of world government. In economics, find working compromises (varying according to the practical requirements of different places and times) between free enterprise and socialism. In the life of the spirit, put the secular superstructure back onto religious foundations. Efforts are being made in our Western world to-day to find our way towards each of these goals. If we had arrived at all three of them, we might fairly feel that we had won our present battle for our civilization's survival. But these are, all of them, ambitious undertakings, and it will call for the hardest work and the highest courage to make any progress at all towards carrying any one of them through to achievement.

The religious task is, of course, in this historian's view, the most important of the three. But the political and economic tasks are more urgent; the political most urgent of all. So Toynbee, in contradiction of Sorokin, recommends a fractionally progressive program, with spiritual rebirth as the distant goal rather than as an immediate *sine qua non*.

From these prescriptions of one of our most learned men, readers will take comfort in a measure proportional to their inherent optimism. For my part, as regards the short view and the short run, I find in them thin nourishment for hope. Nor do I believe that Toynbee himself, in our present human predicament, is as much sustained by reason as he is by faith. But, in addition to his faith, his long view helps to save him from despair.

IV

Suppose the worst does occur: that man, in his idiocy, lets loose the lightning which makes Jove's seem a childish toy. Even then, Toynbee argues, there is an excellent chance that the Negrito Pygmies of Central Africa would survive, and it is probable that starting with these little fellows (who "are said by our anthropologists to have an unexpectedly pure and lofty conception of the nature of God and of God's relation to man") it would take mankind only some six or ten thousand years to climb back to its present level.

And what is ten thousand years in

comparison with the six hundred thousand, or million, that the human race has lived; compared to the five or eight hundred million years during which there has been life on our planet? Man, we calculate, has been dominant on the earth for a mere hundred thousand years, whereas the giant armored reptiles reigned for some 80 million. Who knows what man may accomplish, if he enjoys even a fraction of this time?

On the other hand, taking a still longer view, "If the ants and bees were one day to acquire even that glimmer of intellectual understanding that man has possessed in his day, and if they were then to make their own shot at seeing history in perspective, they might see the advent of the mammals, and the brief reign of the human mammal, as almost irrelevant episodes, 'full of sound and fury, signifying nothing.'"

Summing up what our historian-sociologist and our philosopher-historian have to give us in their present volumes, it would seem that the first offers faith pure and undefiled, in place of readily demolished fallacies, while the second offers faith plus extensive views and valuable insights; the second class of gift being well represented by luminous remarks on Graeco-Roman civilization, Islam, and Russia's Byzantine heritage.

That Toynbee is, on one level of his thinking, cribbed and cabined by his Christian parochialism has long been apparent to his thoughtful readers; and the fact is conspicuous in

several portions of the book before us. For example, his developing theory that civilizations may exist for the sake of producing ever higher religions would, if carried out logically, indicate that Christianity must in its turn be superseded by an even superior faith; but this idea is rancidly distasteful to the Anglican philosopher, so he argues speciously that "it ain't necessarily so," and salutes Christianity as the probable "heir of all the other churches and all the civilizations." But, on another level, Toynbee's thinking is released; he ignores the limitations of revealed religion and engages in historical excursions and investigations of a breadth, depth and originality that are, in their combination, nearly unique in our day. This is not to say that his comprehensive scheme of history is sound, or even that his "civilizations" are entirely satisfactory units of study; we must go beyond Western civilization, for instance, to understand the Christianity which is itself so essential an element in any understanding of the West. But, even if the best that Toynbee has given us proves to be only a by-product of his historical labors, items produced in the course of creating a system that is not true as a whole, there can be little doubt that his gift will also prove to be of indisputable and durable value.

v

History is never written, of course, but is forever being written. No single book of even a single historical period,

however brief, is ever closed; but remains open always to the revising pen, the new interpreter. And no historian ever ends by being found satisfactory — much less complete — in all his parts and ways. If it is the business of the most ambitious historians to give their readers long views, it is equally the business of those same readers to make sure that they view their historians in historical perspective. There are a few books that will help one to do this, without devoting a lifetime to the relevant field of knowledge, and one of the best of these books has but recently been published. It is Emery Neff's *The Poetry of History* [\$3.50, Columbia University Press].

Readers of Mr. Neff's volume, in which literary skill and charm are happily combined with thorough scholarship, will perceive that Toynbee belongs in character to both the seventeenth and twentieth centuries. On the one hand, he shows his kinship with Bossuet, who "represented history as guided by the hand of God to the triumph of the Church and of the kings who governed in His name," and as "the uninterrupted unfolding of God's plan, in which the end was seen in the beginning"; while, on the other hand, Toynbee is but one of those twentieth century historians who "have been preoccupied with the problem of the collapse of civilizations, in contrast to the Romantic preoccupation with their origin and growth."

Mr. Neff's readers will also see

Toynbee in relation to Flinders Petrie, who "distinguished eight great periods of Mediterranean civilization, none deviating far from their average duration of 1330 years," and in relation to Spengler, whose chart of "regularly appearing phases in the great world cultures, the Egyptian, Classical, Chinese, Arabian, Western, using Petrie's special term 'contemporary' to describe their parallelism, is his most brilliant and least debatable achievement." They will note, in passing, Petrie's anticipation of Toynbee as well as Spengler in the use of "contemporary" in a special sense.

Looking further back, they will discover that Johann Gottfried Herder, in the last quarter of the eighteenth century, anticipated later historians with his theory that "Decay of one great society leaves the ground richer for the growth of another," and that he believed with Toynbee in humanity's "advancing" trend, but declared that the nature of this advance, "dependent upon a thousand concurrent causes, is beyond the power of the keenest mind to foresee."

Of course, Mr. Neff is not centrally concerned with Arnold J. Toynbee. This gentleman, indeed, occupies less than two of Mr. Neff's 220 pages of text. My approach to *The Poetry of History* has only been intended to show one use to which the book might be put by readers of one modern historian; it might be employed, in similar fashion, in connection with almost any historian of the last two

centuries. But, apart from its comparative value, there is an absolute value in the individual studies which compose Mr. Neff's volume.

Described on its title-page as being concerned with "The Contribution of Literature and Literary Scholarship to the Writing of History since Voltaire," it fulfills its promise by surveying and illuminating the work of such men as Herder, Vico, Niebuhr, Otfried Müller, Chateaubriand, Thierry, Michelet, Renan, Burckhardt and Green. If the author may be thought by some to have scanted Gibbon, it may be argued that he has let a great reputation retain its towering position without extensive critical examination, while choosing to consider and expose at length the brilliant historical thought of another man (Herder) whose present fame falls far short of matching his worth and importance. In doing this, Mr. Neff has well served the reader who is not a

specialist; and he has put us but slightly less in his debt by his views of Renan, Niebuhr and Michelet — not to mention his blasting of the plodding pupils of Leopold Ranke.

At this point *The Poetry of History* must be left without its having been done full justice, but in parting let me extract from it two statements by Herder. "Men," he declared, "are their own unpropitious spirits." And, again: "The soundness and endurance of a state does not rest upon the point of its highest culture but upon a wise or fortunate equilibrium of its living and working forces." On second thought, however, since we are concerned with historical perspective, it may be best to end with still another quotation from Herder; words written when he was twenty-two. — "No proposition is so foolish, as not to have been maintained by a philosopher, no religion so silly, that no nation has believed it."

PHRASE ORIGINS—33

HOB0: *The exact derivation of this word is not known, but there have been many interesting conjectures. It may come from ho (exclamation of surprise, delight or order) plus bo (boh, boa), another exclamation meaning much the same thing. It may come from adding the exclamation ho to bo, where the latter is a slang term meaning pal or friend. It may be a corruption of hoe boy, a term which once referred to tramps working in the countryside who had to do some hoeing for their suppers. It may possibly be taken from the first two syllables of Hoboken, the railway terminus which was once notorious as a place where tramps boarded or alighted from freight trains. Then it may be a contraction of homo bonus, the Latin for good man, which might have been applied ironically. Nobody really knows.*

JOHN BAKER OPDYCKE

THE CHECK LIST



(Continued from page 5)

what to do about GI insurance. Mr. Gilbert has long been a severe critic of some of the practices of the insurance companies. He believes that "the low-cost renewable term contract satisfies any life insurance need and should be your first choice in creating an insurance estate." He builds up a strong case for this point of view, but it is only fair to point out that a good case can be made out for other forms of life insurance, if viewed from the long-range point of view. Indeed, there is at least one form of non-term life insurance that is cheaper than term insurance after the first few years and is in all other ways better. But this doesn't detract from the value of some of Mr. Gilbert's general criticisms of many forms of insurance. The book suffers from the lack of an index.

FOREIGN AFFAIRS

THE CASE FOR DE GAULLE, A Dialogue between André Malraux and James Burnham. \$1.50. *Random House*. This slender volume is not, as the title will probably lead many to suspect, either an outright endorsement of the Gaullist movement or an apologia for De Gaulle himself. Messrs. Malraux and Burnham acknowledge that the movement is still in flux, and that its program is still unclear, but they insist emphatically that it is not the crypto-fascist conspiracy it is widely believed to be in the United States. There is no real disagreement between the authors: both of them hope that Gaullism can be used to suppress Communism and organize a Western European Federation, which would be democratic and largely under American influence. The thesis is developed for the most part with

force and clarity; but it suffers from the failure of either writer to examine critically De Gaulle's own views.

LANDS OF THE DAWNING TOMORROW, *The Awakening from Rio Grande to Cape Horn*, by Carleton Beals. \$4.00. *Bobbs-Merrill*. It is Mr. Beals' contention that democracy, industrialism, and the arts are coming to Latin America so rapidly and in such profusion that the continent will soon develop into one vast garden spot. He argues learnedly that much of this ferment resulted from the war, which forced Latin America to develop its own industries while it was destroying the industries of the European imperialists. His material on the new Argentina will be startling to those liberals who have regarded Perón as a sort of Latin Hitler: Mr. Beals insists that the present régime is infinitely more democratic than its predecessors, and that the opposition, which was championed by Spruille Braden, was rather more infested with fascists than Perón's movement.

HISTORY

THE RISE AND FALL OF THIRD PARTIES, *From Anti-Masonry to Wallace*, by William B. Hesseltine. \$2.50. *Public Affairs Press*. Mr. Hesseltine is a LaFollette Progressive who writes sympathetically of many of our previous third-party movements, but who acknowledges that the financial and legal difficulties faced by such groups are enormous. "No third party has ever become a major party or achieved success in this nation," he writes. "All successful new parties have begun as opposition or second parties and have rapidly achieved first place." Nevertheless,

he believes that a liberal third party is possible and desirable in the near future, provided that it is carefully planned and militantly democratic. He believes that the Wallace movement is doomed to an early death, largely because of its Communist connections.

A SURVEY OF WESTERN CIVILIZATION, by Harry Elmer Barnes. \$7.50. *Crowell*. In this massive 959-page book Dr. Barnes attempts "a survey of political and social institutions from the Stone Age to the Atomic Epoch. The economic, intellectual and cultural phases of history are not neglected, but they are treated here in their relations to the institutional evolution of mankind." He has succeeded admirably. The amount of sound information he has put together in small space is amazing, and he handles it all clearly and courageously. Dr. Barnes, it need hardly be said at this late date, is not an orthodox historian. He says whatever his examination of the facts forces him to say. He has grave doubts about the "ideals" of World War I and he is no ardent admirer of the policies of Franklin Delano Roosevelt. He is also completely clear-eyed about the menace of all the totalitarian systems, including the one now operating from Moscow. Religious issues do not stop him either. All in all, a useful and valuable one-volume history of Western Civilization. There are several illustrations, tables, bibliographies, and a good index.

ANTHOLOGIES

A TREASURY OF NEW ENGLAND FOLKLORE, edited by B. A. Botkin, \$4.00. *Crown*. This is the first of a projected three-volume series of regional folklore anthologies of the United States. There are some 550 stories, ballads and traditions of the Yankee people. Mr. Botkin truly says that "New England is more than a section of the country, more than a province; it is a country in itself, with a strong sense of 'nationality' rooted in 'racial remembrance.'" Specialists have found fault with this volume, and indeed with Mr. Botkin's whole method, claiming that, among other things, he does not always distinguish between folklore and local gossip, and that he relies too much on secondary sources. Whether or not this is so, lay people will

find a great deal of very enjoyable reading here, especially in the section marked "Songs and Rhymes," which is generously illustrated with musical examples.

THE PORTABLE VEBLEN, edited, with a biographical and critical introduction and notes, by Max Lerner. \$2.00. *Viking*. Probably no American economist has been anthologized as much as Veblen, but this compact volume is as good an introduction to the man and his ideas as can be had today. Mr. Lerner's introductory essay is a superb analytical job; he is generally sympathetic to Veblen's economic concepts, but his criticisms of the writer's naiveté about political freedom are devastating. The selections include half of the *Theory of the Leisure Class* and twenty-one smaller excerpts, with the stress on Veblen's sociological, rather than purely economic, writings.

100 AMERICAN POEMS, Masterpieces of Lyric, Epic and Ballad from Colonial Times to the Present, edited by Selden Rodman. \$2.25. *A Penguin Signet Book. The New American Library*. This is not just another anthology of American poetry, designed to get the editor's name into print and a few unearned dollars in his pocket. It represents a fresh point of view regarding American poetry, and hard editorial thinking went into it. Mr. Rodman reveals his point of view in his long, lively, at times absurd, at times brilliant, but always maturely provocative introduction. For most of the New England bearded poets he has no use whatever; he can barely control himself from shrieking at the mere mention of Longfellow, Whittier and William Cullen Bryant. As for Poe, most of his poems "and almost all the famous ones, are contrived vehicles, of hollow content and mechanical rhythm." Emerson was more a poet, he says, than a prose writer, and he was at least the spiritual uncle of Emily Dickinson, which is a brilliant critical insight. But when Mr. Rodman comes to Thoreau, he stubs all his toes. He says that Thoreau was the ancestor of "Frank Lloyd Wright and Henry Miller!" He might just as well have added Joe Louis. Mr. Rodman admires the work of Robert Lowell, Karl Shapiro and Elizabeth Bishop greatly, which will probably embarrass him before he is much older.

But most of his selections are sound enough, and for 25 cents the volume is one of the very best literary buys of the decade.

THE QUESTING SPIRIT, *Religion in the Literature of Our Time*, selected and edited by Halford E. Luccock and Frances Brentano. \$5.00. *Coward-McCann*. This is a huge and handsomely printed anthology of contemporary religious writings in almost every form — fiction, verse, essay, drama and “affirmation.” Altogether there are some 400 selections from virtually every author of note and standing in the American and British literary worlds. It is a valuable volume, though it probably could have been improved if cut a bit. Some of the contributions — such as those by Harry Kemp, Norman Corwin, Oscar Williams, Mark Van Doren, Kahlil Gibran and Marya Zaturenska — are of a depressingly low order of writing and thinking. Fortunately, they do not do very much damage to the book as a whole.

BIOGRAPHY

JAMES MADISON, *The Nationalist: 1780-1787*, by Irving Brant. \$6.00. *Bobbs-Merrill*. This is the second volume in Mr. Brant's proposed multi-volumed life of the fourth President, and it can now be said with much reason that the eventual result will probably be a monumental work, exhaustive, learned, clearly and forcefully written, and filled with an enormous amount of fresh information. On the personal side, Mr. Brant reveals, pretty much for the first time, that Madison was not merely an intellectual machine, but a turmoil of emotions as well, some of them of a very romantic nature. But above all he shows how much the country owes him for his truly courageous insistence upon the absolute separation of church and state in American political life. Mr. Brant further shows that Madison was to a most important extent the Father of the Constitution, for while he never lost sight of the local sovereignty of the states, he also never forgot that without a strong national government, enjoying proper national prerogatives, all national existence is impossible. There are many illustrations, a massive appendix of notes, and a fine index.

BUCKET BOY, *A Milwaukee Legend*, by Ernest L. Meyer. \$3.00. *Hastings House*. Mr. Meyer spent much of his boyhood in the German-American section of Milwaukee some 40 years ago. Beer-drinkers, wine-bibbers, socialists, philosophical anarchists, stubborn female Lutherans, hen-pecked choirmasters, itchy young girls, and bewildered young boys passed before his eyes and formed an important part of his adolescence. Here he puts many of them on paper and manages to produce a volume of charming, well-written and strangely moving sketches. It has rare appeal, and one of the shameful things about the current literary world is that the book has been virtually unnoticed in New York, the alleged cultural center of the United States.

THE BURIED ARE SCREAMING, by Helen Waren. \$3.00. *Beechhurst*. Miss Waren, a Broadway actress, was with the USO during the war, and during her travels “discovered” that she was a Jew with a profound feeling for the suffering of her fellow Jews. Whereas she had previously been a Jew “only by birth,” she now became a very active one and did heroic work in comforting DPs and in smuggling many of them out of Europe to Palestine. She tells her story simply, briskly, and with considerable emotion. The result is a moving and valuable book, from which not only Christians but also Jews can learn a great deal about the horror and intensity of the Jewish problem. There is a foreword by Bartley Crum.

PERSONAL EQUATION, by Albert Guérard. \$3.50. *Norton*. This is an account of “the evolution of my thought” by a man to whom emotional and intellectual experiences have avowedly always been more vivid and memorable than the purely physical sort. French by birth and American by adoption, Mr. Guérard has written what is actually an extended personal essay. His almost Proustian faculty for evoking the essence of a mood or scene through oft-overlooked minutiae of sense perceptions is superb; but, at the same time, occasionally vitiated by a tendency to use the same hypersensitized, rarified and almost precious medium to discuss more prosaic matters (e.g., when he calls rows of houses “self-satisfied, humble or despairing”; or speaks of “the dawn of

a shy, tremulous *Entente Cordiale*" between England and France). Politically, he describes himself as "a Tory and an anarchist," i.e. a lover of the past with all its grace and charm, yet dissatisfied with its legacy of greed, tyranny and war. Frankly an idealist in outlook, he contends that only world government, rather than the UN Charter with its unconcealed reliance on the mailed fist of the Great Powers, can rid the world of war.

HEIRS APPARENT, *The Vice-Presidents of the United States*, by Klyde Young and Lamar Middleton. \$3.75. *Prentice-Hall*. There is room for a sound popular study of the 34 Vice-Presidents of the United States, of whom seven reached the White House through the deaths of the Chief Executives. Several of them—in particular John Adams, Thomas Jefferson, Aaron Burr, Martin Van Buren, John Tyler and Theodore Roosevelt—were men of great ability and colorful character, and deserve thoughtful consideration. The present volume, unfortunately, is pretty much of a hack job, filled with information apparently gathered from second-hand and even third-hand sources, and written in shabby journalese. Some samples of the authors' historiography: "In the early years of the eighteenth century in this country, when our elders dressed better and regarded a mug of ale at night as a solemn duty, . . . In the next decade there were four more children—still more causes for worry. . . . For a time he [President Truman] was a haberdasher but failed at it. He and his partner lost their shirts. . . ." There is a brief and worthless bibliography, followed by an index.

THE ARTS

A SHORT HISTORY OF OPERA, by Donald Jay Grout. \$10.00. *Columbia*. This two-volume work might more accurately have been entitled "a digest of an introduction to a short history of opera." The speed with which Mr. Grout, who is professor of music at Cornell University, races through his subject can be sensed when it is pointed out that the operas of Handel are disposed of in 12 pages, those of Gluck in 20 and those of Wagner in 37! However, there is enough information (and intelligent stray criticism) about

the entire range of operatic history in this work to make it a useful reference book. The bibliography, which occupies about half of the second volume, seems to be well selected, and the index is admirably detailed.

AN APPROACH TO MODERN PAINTING, by Morris Davidson. \$5.00. *Coward-McCann*. Mr. Davidson believes that "creative painting is an expression of an attitude toward life, a credo." His development of this thesis is scholarly, urbane and philosophical; and his attempt to delineate the indirect influence on modern painting of such thinkers as Marx, Einstein and Bergson, though not uniformly successful, is more than an adequate rejoinder to the "art for art's sake" school. The writing is occasionally rather esoteric, and the "bewildered layman," to whom Mr. Davidson says he has addressed the book, will perhaps find much of it tough sledding. There is a large number of excellent black-and-white reproductions.

MISCELLANEOUS

EARLY IRISH LITERATURE, by Myles Dillon. \$3.50. *Chicago*. Beginning with the Ulster Cycle and the adventures of Cú Chulainn, and ending with Gaelic lyrics of comparatively recent date, this is in many ways a useful guide to the subject it surveys; but it would seem that a prime requisite of any such "introduction" as this, designed for those who have no Gaelic, is a guide to the pronunciation of Gaelic names—and this essential thing is lacking.

MEDICINE TODAY, *New York Academy of Medicine Lectures to the Laity*. \$2.00. *Columbia*. This eleventh series of lectures, like its predecessors, explores the philosophical, sociological and scientific problems of contemporary medicine in a lucid, non-technical style which is always readable but never condescending. In the opening lecture, Dr. John F. Fulton of the Yale School of Medicine summarizes the present status of the healing art with remarkable thoroughness. This paper, together with the last one in the book, which deals dispassionately with the controversial issue of socialized medicine, will probably be of the most general interest.

THE OPEN FORUM



WHAT CAUSES ALCOHOLISM?

SIR: I note that one of your contributors [Alson J. Smith] has taken six and one half pages to discuss the question: "What Causes Alcoholism?" [See the May AMERICAN MERCURY.] Permit me to answer it in two words: Drinking Alcohol. If you don't drink any alcohol you don't get any alcoholism. The moment you drink some you get some; and the more you drink the more you get. Take my advice and don't.

UPTON SINCLAIR

Monrovia, Cal.

CIVIL RIGHTS FOR COMMUNISTS

SIR: I am impelled to write an answer to the letter of Mr. Peter X. Carvalho in your "Soap Box" pages in the April MERCURY. Mr. Carvalho proposes that the American Constitution should have application only in cases where the beneficiaries would accord like privilege to others if the cases were reversed. He believes — as too many others do — that there should be degrees of freedom. I do not agree that freedom is divisible.

Of course, the Communists would permit no such reciprocal privileges as freedom of speech if they had power, but I believe that to deny it to them would be to deny it to ourselves; that any abridgment would be more hurtful to the rest of us than to the Communists. I think the leftists' bluster over being asked their political affiliations is pretty preposterous; on the other hand, the right to ask that question seems to me to depend upon its pertinence. The Un-American Activities Committee of the House is a pernicious and unlovely thing, and its measure of what constitutes a Communist is something less than valid. Mr. George Dixon, the Washing-

ton columnist recently submitted the charming thought that anyone who ever criticized this committee should be immediately suspect — a judgment that the committee itself would undoubtedly accept unquestionably.

Mr. Carvalho's proposition seems to my uneasy mind to indicate a willingness to go along with a growing trend in this country toward authoritarianism. The implication of his thought appears to be that we can preserve our liberties by restricting them. I believe too many people in and out of public office are of the same opinion. There are too many who hold to the proposition that what they conceive to be evil can be legislated out of existence.

When a strike in a utility inconveniences a large number of people, there is an immediate cry for some legislation which would make such strikes unlawful, on the assumption that the rights of a comparatively small number should have no weight as against the convenience and comfort of the greater number. But there can be no mass rights unless there are individual rights, and all our concepts of law are based on this premise. Russia is now engaged in attempting to prove the converse theory, without any notable success. Mr. Carvalho seemingly has the same idea. He thinks as I do, that the Communists are wrong; the only difference is that he would like to apply their methods, which is to me an implicit admission that they are right.

CHET VONIER

Milwaukee, Wis.

MORE ON FRANCO'S SPAIN

SIR: Friends from Spain have sent me a copy of the *Diario de Barcelona*, in which its Washington correspondent, Manuel Casares, takes up the whole first page and most of the third to de-

nounce me and translate almost my entire article ["Franco's Spain"] from the January AMERICAN MERCURY! One of his snide remarks was: Why doesn't Melanie have any women friends; why are they all men? He says he remembers us in Madrid and that we lived in a style in no way commensurate with the small salary my husband earned. (The implication, I suppose, is that we were living on Russian gold.)

But the interesting thing is that he gives the substance of the piece in an excellent Spanish translation in the biggest newspaper in Barcelona. Both Bergen Evans and Professor Louis Gottschalk (head of the history department at the University of Chicago) have suggested to me that perhaps his denunciation of me was a ruse. He may have privately agreed with the article, and this may have been the only way he could get it printed in Spain.

MELANIE L. PFLAUM

Evanston, Ill.

THE UNMARRIED

SIR: Many thanks for Mr. Thomas C. Desmond's well-written article, "The Plight of the Unmarried," in the May MERCURY. His statistics and conclusions, besides being interesting, will no doubt jolt many needlessly hesitant persons into marriage. But I think Mr. Desmond is just a bit too one-sided and attempts to make the "plight" of the unmarried appear more severe than it really is.

He states we have twice as many single people as we had in the nineties. This is not cause for worry as our total population is also considerably greater than it was during the nineties.

The general tone of his treatise indicates that he belongs to the school of smug, married folk who firmly believe that no one can be happy unless married. He intimates that a greater percentage of psychological disturbances is found among single persons than among married ones. If this is true, how can we account for the colossal increase in divorces and in custody battles over children? Surely, no married couple would deliberately disrupt their lives or those of their children, as they do when they separate or when they degrade themselves by renouncing sacred vows in public courts, unless they are emotionally unstable or too feeble-willed to attempt to adjust their differences sensibly. And where does Mr. Desmond get the idea that bitterness, homosexuality, and displays of angry temper are associated only with single people? Marriage is not and never will be a cure-all for mental ills.

Singleness has its disadvantages, but so has marriage. You never heard of a spinster slaving for years over a kitchen sink for an ingrate of a husband or for a brood of unappreciative youngsters. You never heard a bachelor whine that he was henpecked and shackled. There is no trouble with in-laws until one marries. . . .

A man's family, when things go wrong, can ruin his spirit by totally subduing his optimistic outlook and his impulses toward ambition. During a great strike recently one worker told a reporter: "The reason our demands include a good pension system is that all of us, years ago, thought we could save for our old age. But we were mistaken. I've been plagued for twenty years by doctor bills for my wife and children. I don't have a thing to show for my life's labor." Had this man's mind been at ease for those twenty years, or at least for part of that period, there is no telling where his unhampered abilities might have led him. . . .

PAUL J. KORS

Brooklyn, N. Y.

SIR: I am a spinster. I am not an old maid. That state of mind, and I believe it is more of mind than of body, is not confined to the unmarried woman. Old maidishness is a mental state. Marriage does not cure it. I have known as many well rounded, psychologically sound unmarried people as I have married ones. There is more griping on the part of the married of both sexes. They are so often misunderstood to such an extent that they wander for love, attention, praise and sexual release.

I can think of many good reasons why marriage today might better be foregone until a wiser, more lasting basis for union could be decided upon. Is our marriage institution as sound as it might be? From my observation, our mal-adjusted children are the result of marriage and not entirely of illegitimacy.

Why should there be distrust of the unmarried in public office? Is the record of the married ones in this capacity so staggering? Is it possible that all unmarried people are failures? I am a spinster, but I do not consider myself a social error nor an abject failure. I contribute my share of energy to the world in which I live.

I am not perfect but I am not a sordid, warped personality with low morale. I have managed to enjoy life. I have not felt the need for occasional "flings" into sex orgies. I am not exactly as cold as steel either. . . .

Of a dozen married couples I have known well over a period of years, more than 50 per cent of both the wives and husbands admitted that

physically marriage was either distasteful or unsatisfactory. Each sought companionship, amusement, sexual relations outside of their marriage. Some of this was known and discussed, so there was no deceit. . . .

Never in my wildest moments could I believe that it would be possible for me to conduct myself as I have seen those married women do. They seemed to throw pride, responsibility and discretion to the proverbial winds. All had once been gay, happy, full of hope in what married life would mean to them. . . .

SALLY E. LARMER

Rochester, N. Y.

THE ARMY TIMES

SIR: In the article on the *Army and Navy Journal* by William Hines and Edward Cottrell, which appeared in the February *MERCURY*, I'm afraid your authors missed the point in comparing *Army Times* with that ancient bulletin. The two are edited for disparate audiences: the *Journal* for the higher brass, and the *Times* for the career enlisted man first, the progressive young officer second.

Naturally, our style has to be different and, we believe, better. We would no more try to sound like an Army Department circular — the *Journal's* aim — than be caught in bed with the *A & N Register*. If this makes us "raucous" and "sensational," good.

But the policy apparently is paying off. *Army Times'* circulation is greater than the combined total of all other service publications. Your writers failed to mention this. And if you count in the circulation of our Veterans Edition, the comparison is overwhelming. *Army Times* is certainly young — it was founded in 1940. The fact that it has accomplished so much in so little time seems like a good story, too.

I am really surprised that Mr. Cottrell, with whom I once labored in the Army's Public Relations Division, knows us so little.

ANTHONY MARCH
Editor, *Army Times*

Washington, D. C.

SIR: Mr. March's letter is an interesting exercise in dialectic — the science of winning an argument by indirection.

Though it is obvious that the primary markets of the *Times* and the *Journal* are not the same, it is seriously to be doubted that either would yield to the other in the race for a fast buck, and certainly if either were to turn down a subscription application from the other's territory, it would

be the *Journal* rather than the *Times*, and the reason for the rejection would be plainly and simply paper, as mentioned in the February article.

Mr. March would be derelict in his duty as an admittedly good newspaperman if he had not developed a style which he believes to be better than that of the *Journal*. This claim we will allow. The point, however, is not at issue.

It is hardly to be doubted, though, that the *A & N Register* is probably the only thing in this world that the *Times* would not be caught in bed with. If Mr. March prefers dangling mammas in his photo columns to dangling participles in his news columns, his preference is praiseworthy and all too understandable. It is gratifying to note that Mr. March is content with his paper's reputation for raucousness and sensationalism. Certainly the reputation is deserved, and undoubtedly it is cherished; Mr. March does not pretend to be editing the *Christian Science Monitor*.

As to Mr. March's remarks about circulation, it is he, rather than we, who missed the point. The February article made two statements: first, that the *Journal* was the most widely read of military magazines; second, that the other papers compete rather futilely for its market. On these statements we stand. The New York *Daily News* has three times the circulation of the New York *Times*, though no one will question the fact that the New York *Times* is the more widely read. And until the *Army Times* goes on record as spurning the subscription money of the higher brass, we will have to assume that it is competing for the *Journal's* market, and rather futilely, too.

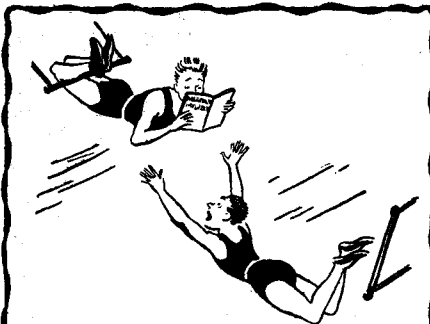
That we vastly prefer an hour with the latest issue of the *Army Times* to a half hour with the *Army and Navy Journal* has nothing to do with the case.

WILLIAM HINES
EDWARD COTTRELL

Arlington, Va.

GERMAN AND AUSTRIAN ANTI-SEMITISM

SIR: I read Richard Hanser's article on "German Anti-Semitism Today," in which he has reference to an incident in Austria, i.e., to a Communist demonstration against Jewish DPs in Ischl last year. His narrative unfortunately gives the impression that anti-Semitism is rampant all over Austria, a "fact" which is far from truth. The "affair" simply boils down to this: Communist elements with a sprinkling of non-Communists tired of living as "liberated" Austrians on



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1550 calories a day, shouted abuses against a hotel in which DPs lived on a much better diet. These DPs *happened* to be Jewish. Some of these demonstrators were arrested by the American military police and two of them were sentenced to ten and fifteen years of hard labor respectively. The penalty was the same one given to Admiral Doenitz and Baron Neurath at Nuremberg. The Austrian government was highly embarrassed because it had violently protested such procedures when they came from the Russian side. Just *because* the accused were Communists the anti-Communist Austrian government had to make every effort to get the sentence commuted. For that reason it was not only supported by the Communist press but also by centrist and right-wing papers. The Socialist *Arbeiter-Zeitung* edited by Herr Oscar Pollak, a Jew admired by every upright Austrian, was perhaps the most vociferous in the denunciation of this miscarriage of justice. General Keyes subsequently decreased the sentences by about 95 per cent. Mr. Hanser told the facts correctly — but he did not elaborate and his interpretation was entirely wrong.

ERIK V. KUEHNELT-LEDDIHN

Carlsberg, Austria

SIR: I am enchanted by Herr Erik von Kuehnelt-Leddihn's use of the word *happened*. If he believes that the DPs in question just *happened* to be Jewish he will believe anything. He will believe that the mob just happened to shout "Down with the Jews!" and "Hang the Jews!" He will also believe that Lt. Gen. Geoffrey Keyes, the American High Commissioner, just happened, after studying all the evidence, to say: "The trial transcript clearly shows that the accused incited a public riot climaxed by an anti-Semitic demonstration. . . ." Herr Erik von Kuehnelt-Leddihn says my facts were correct but my interpretation wrong. All the evidence just happens to support my interpretation.

RICHARD HANSER

Larchmont, N. Y.

AMERICANISM AND RELIGION

SIR: In the March issue of THE AMERICAN MERCURY, S. Miles Bouton intimates in a letter to the "Open Forum" that certain pronouncements of the Popes are contrary to American principles. The answer to Mr. Bouton is contained in the very passages he has cited. Pope Gregory XVI condemned "*unrestrained* liberty of opinion" while Pope Leo XIII wrote against "*unconditional* freedom of thought," etc. If Mr. Bouton disagrees, then he advocates a lawless society, for every law is a restraint on someone's liberty.

Doesn't Mr. Bouton realize that the world was plunged into the recent catastrophe precisely because Hitler was permitted the very freedom which the Popes condemned? We presume that Mr. Bouton is not in accord with the present violation of freedom of thought in this country as evidenced by our government's persecution of the Communists.

Where Mr. Bouton has failed to quote the Pontiffs directly, he misrepresents their thought because he either disregards or fails to understand such qualifying phrases as "unrestrained," "unconditional" and "unbridled."

I challenge Mr. Bouton to name one basic principle which he says the Syllabus of Errors condemns. The most basic of all democratic principles is that "all men are created equal." The Popes and the Catholic Church have always championed this. So-called free nations mention it in their constitutions but they have yet to put it into practice.

REV. EDW. P. ATZERT

E. Millstone, N. J.

SIR: I understand very well such qualifying phrases as "unrestrained," "unconditional" and "unbridled." No intelligent person advocates a lawless society. Our freedoms are naturally qualified by laws covering obscenity, direct incitation to crime and so on.

But under American principles, restraints and conditions are imposed by laws made by democratically elected representatives of the people and are interpreted by judges chosen by democratic procedure. No alien potentate has the right or power to decide whether or not, in the words of Pius XI, an expression of ideas by word or print is "pleasing to God." All but a minority of the American people reject the pretensions of Popes or any other individuals to impose restraints upon the exercise of our freedoms.

The Virginia Act for the Establishing of Religious Freedom, framed by Thomas Jefferson, was meant, he wrote, "to comprehend within the mantle of its protection the Jew and the Gentile, the Christian and the Mahometan, the Hindoo and infidel of every description." That is the meaning of the Declaration of Independence and of our Constitution. That is Americanism. Anything less is not Americanism.

Father Atzert challenges me "to name one basic principle" which the Syllabus of Errors condemns. If he means "basic American principle," to meet his challenge would require quoting a great part of the Syllabus, which space does not permit. If he does not mean that, there is no common ground upon which to meet.

S. MILES BOUTON

Ashville, N. Y.

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